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Daily Mirror

A...
PLEASING
SOUVENIR.

(See Page 6.)

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

ROJESTVENSKY'S VICTIM.



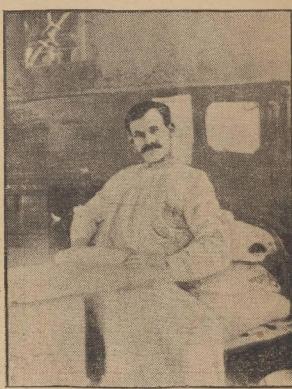
John Ryder, deck-hand of the Crane, in hospital, suffering from injuries in his right leg caused by a shell from the Baltic Fleet.

PUNISHING A LOOTER.



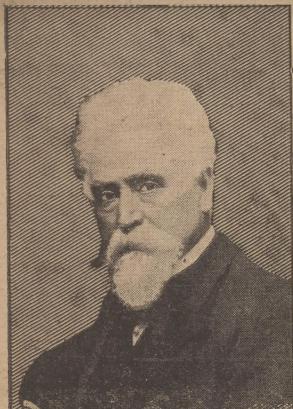
The Japanese method of punishing a Chinese looter, who was found on the battlefield searching dead bodies. He is here seen strung up to a shell-damaged building near Port Arthur.—("Collier's Weekly.")

ANOTHER VICTIM.



William Smith, second hand of the ill-fated Crane, who was shot in the back by a splinter from one of the Russian shells fired by the Baltic Fleet.

NEW VAGABONDS' GUEST.



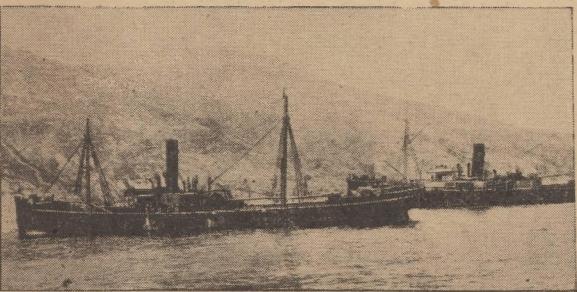
Sir Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the famous quick-firing guns which bear his name, who was the guest of the New Vagabonds' Club at their dinner at the Hotel Cecil last evening.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

THE CHANNEL COMMAND.

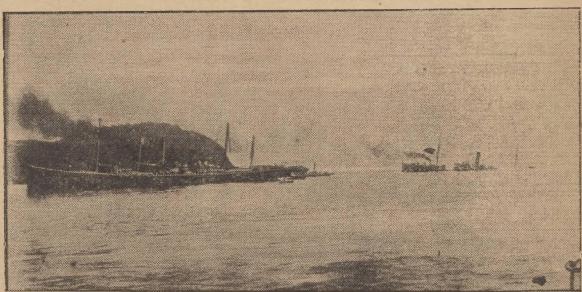


Admiral W. H. May, who, at the beginning of the New Year, will succeed Admiral Lord Charles Beresford as Commander of the Channel Fleet.—(Russell.)

SCENES AT PORT ARTHUR—PHOTOGRAPHS SMUGGLED THROUGH THE RUSSIAN LINES.



Two Russian vessels sunk in the harbour at Port Arthur by Japanese shells during the bombardment of the town by General Nogi's army.



A view of the harbour at Port Arthur, looking seaward. Showing some of the fire-ships sunk by the Japanese to blockade the entrance.

ARSENAL DESTROYED

Further Japanese Successes at Port Arthur.

GEN. STOESSEL'S WOUND.

Recent Dispatches Cause Great Alarm in Russia.

The publication of General Stoessel's dispatches has caused the gravest alarm in Russia.

Although the Rastropny did not leave Port Arthur until the 15th inst., the latest date mentioned in the dispatches published is November 3.

For this reason it is believed that the destroyer brought later news of so grave a nature that its publication has been withheld.

This rumour is stoutly denied by Admiral Wrenius, who says that no telegram from General Stoessel except those published has been received.

The crew of the Rastropny have been disarmed, and are being kept on board the Chinese warship Haizung under close watch.

WITH 200 SHELLS.

Japanese Destroy Another Port Arthur Magazine.

TOKIO, Friday.—A telegram from Moji reports the destruction of another Russian arsenal and magazine at Port Arthur.

The Japanese having discovered the location of the arsenal centred their fire upon it and, after firing 200 shells, succeeded in destroying it. The Japanese are widening their saps, and are using them to move guns forward.

The Russians continue to make spirited sorties, and they employ hand-grenades in their attacks on the tunnels.—Reuter.

PORT ARTHUR FLEET UNINJURED.

PARIS, Friday.—A telegram to the "Echo de Paris" from St. Petersburg says:—"General Stoessel, in his dispatches, declares that the ships at Port Arthur are in perfect condition. The Bay alone has had her boilers damaged, and is now undergoing repairs. All the ships are ready for action."—Reuter.

HOW STOESSEL WAS WOUNDED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The General Staff to-day announces that General Stoessel was slightly wounded in the head during the assault made by the Japanese on November 3. The General remained in the ranks.—Exchange.

ATTACK ON LONELY TREE HILL.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—A dispatch from General Sakhroff states that the Japanese last night assumed the offensive against one of the advanced positions of Putiloff (Lonely Tree) Hill, but were repulsed.—Reuter.

JAPANESE LOAN IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Friday.—The half of the new Japanese loan issued here has been heavily over-subscribed, but the members of the Bankers' Syndicate refuse to make public the actual amount of the applications received.—Reuter.

SHOW SOLDIERS AT GIBRALTAR.

Major-General Tulloch, speaking at the Royal United Service Institution yesterday, deplored the fact that at our foreign naval ports spectacular effects were considered of more importance than hard work.

Both at Gibraltar and Malta, he said, the garrison suffered from the neglect of barrack-square drill, while the trooping of the colour and other trivialities—fascinating to lady visitors and nursemaids—were becoming matters of special importance.

KING EDWARD OUTBID.

NEW YORK, Friday.—At the Horse Show last night a bid of \$5,000 was made on behalf of King Edward VII. for the famous pony stallion Berkley Bantam. His Majesty did not, however, become the owner, an American buyer securing the animal for \$8,000.—Laffan.

HUNTED STAG DROWNED IN THE SEA.

A fine stag, which afforded a good run to the Oxenholme Hunt on Thursday, and was ultimately lost, became the owner, an American buyer securing the animal for \$8,000.—Laffan.

The stag, which had no doubt tried to reach the other shore of the bay, had evidently swum for hours before becoming exhausted.

SPORT AT WINDSOR.

King Carlos and the Prince Make Great Bag of Birds.

One of the best bags ever recorded in the Windsor "shoots" fell to the guns of King Carlos of Portugal and the Prince of Wales in the Great Park yesterday.

King Edward did not join the sportsmen, owing to his injured limb, which is happily almost well again. With Queen Alexandra and Queen Amelia of Portugal, his Majesty for a time watched the shooting in the woods.

The royal sportsmen, accompanied by three members of the English and Portuguese suites, drove from Windsor Castle in a brake drawn by four handsome greys.

It was a typical grey November day, and the party returned to the castle as darkness was setting in.

During the day Queen Alexandra and Queen Amelia visited the beautiful tomb of the late Duke in the Albert Memorial Chapel.

In the evening a grand concert was given in the Waterloo Chamber, the artists including Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley-Rumford and Madame Suzanne Massin, and Signor and Madame Testi.

To-day King Carlos, the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, and Prince Arthur of Connaught will shoot between the Long Walk and Bishopsgate.

To-morrow the King and Queen of Portugal will attend mass at St. Edward's Roman Catholic Church, Windsor, when Father Longmire will officiate.

LIONS AT LARGE.

Woman Who Was About to Caress One as a "Fine Dog."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—An extraordinary accident occurred at the village of Capestau, in the South of France, yesterday.

A menagerie was travelling by a goods train from Montpelier when, owing to the collapse of the platform, one of the carriages was upset, letting loose two lions and two bears.

The released animals, with fearful roars and growls, at once proceeded to make their escape along the line, to the great terror of the employees who immediately fled and locked themselves up in the station offices.

One of the bears was run over by a passing train; another was killed a moment later by a number of gendarmes, who had just arrived on the spot.

Meanwhile the lions had made off, and were prowling about the country. Late last night one was caught and shot, but the other was only discovered at dawn this morning.

A woman was washing linen in the river when she saw a lion close to her. She at first took it for a dog, and was going up to pat it when she met a man.

"But I say, what a fine dog!" she remarked to him.

But the man, at once recognising the lion, called the gendarmes who were on its track. A few minutes later the dangerous beast was shot dead.

The bodies of the two lions have been sent to the National History Museum at Toulouse.

ATHLETE'S REMARKABLE FEAT.

Runs from Southend to Glasgow and Back in Fifteen Days.

A remarkable running feat has just been performed by C. W. Hart, who has run from Southend to Glasgow and back, a distance of 1,200 miles, in fifteen days.

According to the Press Association, Hart started on his self-imposed task on November 1, and returned at eleven o'clock on Thursday night.

His runs varied from twenty-one to 109 miles daily, the average being eighty miles a day. He rested on Sundays, and was laid up one day with a sprained ankle.

Very stormy weather was encountered in the north, but, beyond suffering from swollen ankles, Hart was in good condition when he got home.

Hart, who last year covered 2,000 miles in thirty-four days, was accompanied on his long journey by George Thomas, a local cyclist.

TRAIN CHARGES A TRAM-CAR.

In Toronto, on Thursday, the driver of a street car lost control at a level railway crossing.

It crashed through the gate on to the line in front of a Grand Trunk train, which was passing. Three persons were killed and thirteen injured.

\$120,000 FIRE.

Charlestown, a suburb of Boston, U.S.A., has suffered damage to the extent of \$120,000 owing to fire. The White Star liner Canopic was towed away from the burning wharf just in time to escape injury.

HUNTING THE KENT GHOST.

Spectre Supposed to Disappear Into a Cave.

The hue and cry after the St. Margaret's Bay ghost is increasing in vigour, and our Dover correspondent yesterday learnt that this "spring-heeled Jack" narrowly escaped capture at the hands of one search party who were across the fields late last night. Aided by the fog and speedy movements he was eventually lost to sight.

The impression is gaining ground that the "ghost" manages to get to a cave in the cliffs. One of the ghost hunters, a young man, was yesterday displaying with pride a formidable-looking six-chambered revolver. With this he intends to test whether the ghost is a thing of air or flesh and blood.

An amusing incident in connection with the ghost-hunt was told yesterday. A lady nurse, who has recently arrived in the village, went into one of the shops, and whilst there inquired with much surprise: "What is the matter with the people in this place? As I came down the street several of them looked scared, and bolted."

The tradesman was at a loss to account for this until he noticed that the nurse was dressed in white. It was then evident that the nurse had been mistaken for the ghost in the fog.

BOMB OUTRAGE.

One Man Killed at Barcelona and Twenty-one Injured.

A bomb explosion occurred in Barcelona on Thursday night at the residence of the mayor of the city.

One man was killed and twenty-one others injured, and much damage was done to property by the force of the explosion.

One of the wounded men, a porter in the service of the town council, gave the following account of the affair in an interview:—

"A beggar pointed out to me a basket which someone had left on the door of one of the houses, and advised me to take it to the town hall. As it was part of my duty to take charge of lost property, I fell in with the suggestion and took it up."

"I found it was heavy, and I soon discovered that there was something inside which was smoking and making a queer noise. Becoming suspicious, I threw it on the ground.

"Two men then began to kick it and trample on it. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, which threw me to the ground, badly injured."

THE "STANDARD."

Mr. Pearson Replies to Criticisms of His Purchase.

In a letter to the editor of the "Spectator," replying to certain criticisms on the "Standard's" recent change of proprietorship, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson reiterates his expressed intention to maintain the tone which has distinguished that newspaper up to the present time.

"My association with other publications," he says, "does not prevent me from thoroughly appreciating the dignified rôle played by the "Standard" in the past, and I am determined to uphold the traditions of the paper in the future. The assumption that it is my intention to lower the style and tone of the "Standard" is quite baseless."

Referring to Mr. Winston Churchill's statement in a recent speech that "the group of able writers who had exercised much influence were scattered," Mr. Pearson replies that no writer on the "Standard" staff has left. Mr. Curtis, the only member of the editorial staff who has gone, had not written in its columns for some years.

"I am not," Mr. Pearson adds, "as some people seem to think I ought to be, in the least ashamed of having been the manager of a great business of which 'Tit-Bits' was the principal production when I was nineteen years old, nor of having made an independent start by the production of 'Pearson's Weekly' a few years later."

CHASED THROUGH A CANAL.

After an exciting chase through a canal at Tongwynlais, near Cardiff, yesterday, the capture was effected of David Harris, who is alleged to have dangerously wounded his wife and daughter with a hammer.

Harris is said to have attacked the two women without warning, and in a terrible struggle the wife was so seriously injured that she is expected to recover.

SETTLING THE LIPPE-DETMOLD CASE.

The trouble between the Schaumburg-Lippe and the Lippe-Detmold claimants will now be settled without delay (says Reuter) by arbitration in the High Court of the German Empire.

Meantime the Emperor has ordered that the Lippe troops shall take the oath to the new Regent.

Troubled by the income-tax collector, the ballet girls of Vienna have appealed to the Emperor, and threaten to strike if the tax is enforced.

CYCLE TRADE WAR.

Public May Buy a Good Machine for £6.

SENSATIONAL "CUTS."

An announcement that startling reductions would be made in the prices of first-class bicycles fell like a bombshell among cycle manufacturers yesterday.

The Rudge-Whitworth, a company famous for the quality of its machines, was responsible for the sensation. It announced that prices would in future be from £2 2s. to £4 less than they have hitherto been, and offered a new model bicycle for £6!

When the Stanley Cycle Show opened at the Agricultural Hall yesterday concern was visible on the faces of many manufacturers there, for one and all recognised the announcement as a herald of a desperate war of rates. The blow was altogether unexpected, for the secret of the Rudge-Whitworth Company's determination had been well kept.

SENSATION IN THE COUNTRY.

The expiry of the Welch-Dunlop patents and the consequent reductions in the price of tyres had led the trade to anticipate a lowering of prices, but it was not expected that they would fall until next spring or summer.

The news caused a great sensation in the Midlands, and at Coventry and Birmingham, the two great centres of the industry, there was something like consternation. Many cycle companies have only just been managing to exist for some years past, and experts say that this cutting of prices will lead to the extinction of several firms.

The public will hail the news with satisfaction. It means the end of the artificially inflated prices which, thanks to over-capitalisation of manufacturing companies, to speculation and reconstructions, have prevailed for so many years. It means that the public will be able to get bicycles at a reasonable cost, and it may lead to another "boom" in cycling.

ANOTHER COMPANY IN LINE.

Another company, the Swift, announced simultaneously with the Rudge-Whitworth reductions nearly as sweeping.

The Swift company offered a new model, fitted with a free wheel and two brakes, for £7, and gave notice of reductions on other machines, varying from £2 2s. to £3 3s. As the new model of the Rudge-Whitworth costs, when fitted with brakes and free-wheel, £9 15s., it will be seen that the two companies are practically at one as regards prices.

Other big firms were so surprised by this sudden declaration of war that they were loth to commit themselves to any definite statements.

WILL KEEP TO OLD PRICES.

But Mr. Adams, of the Humber Company, said to the "Daily Mirror":—

"No Humber machine will be sold as a Humber at any lower prices than those we are now listing, and I believe that to be the position of all the bigger firms at this moment."

The "Premier" company also said that their cheapest machine, which is listed at £9 9s., was not likely to be lowered in price.

The only way, the "Daily Mirror" was informed, in which the other large companies are likely to meet the "cut" was in the machines supplied to local cycle sellers, upon which the name of the local dealer was put as the maker. These will be made sold more cheaply, but no reductions will be made in machines bearing the company's marks.

Thus it seems that, for the time being at any rate, the firms announcing the reductions will hold the field. They are likely to benefit largely by their enterprise.

The manager of the Rudge-Whitworth Company said yesterday that thousands of orders for the new cheap machines had been received in the course of a few hours.

If this continues it seems doubtful whether the other companies will be able to adhere to the policy of high prices.

MR. TREE ON SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, presiding at a lecture by Mr. J. Churton Collins, on "The Tempest," at the Polytechnic, Regent-street, yesterday, said some of the audience might be aware that he had recently endeavoured to present in as practical a way as possible "The Tempest." Many, perhaps, objected to this modern way of interpreting Shakespeare. But an author must live in his own time, and, Mr. Tree added, "who is so modern as Shakespeare?"

At no time was Shakespeare so popular as at present, and never were so many copies of his works circulated amongst the public.

Mr. Charlesworth, proprietor of the "Matrimonial Post," appealed successfully yesterday in the Divisional Court against a county court decision that he should repay £50 to Miss Hermann, a disappointed client for a husband.

FISHERS' CLAIMS.

Heavy Bill of Costs for Russia to Pay.

THOUSANDS DEMANDED.

The striking feature of the evidence at the Hull inquiry yesterday regarding the Baltic Fleet outrage was the substantial nature of the claims made by the fishermen for damage to life, limb, and property. In the aggregate the claims ran into many thousands of pounds.

"Fifty pounds for myself, and £2,000 for myself and men for saving the crew of the *Crane*," was the claim of skipper Green, of the trawler *Gull*. He said he based his claim on the value of the lost trawler—£6,000—asking one-third of that amount.

Walter Whelpton, the captain of the *Mina*, was more modest. He asked £150 for shock to his system, and £200 and £100 for himself and crew for saving their ship, which reached Hull in a sinking condition, and was insured for £5,000.

"I claim £1,500 for my wounds and partial deafness, and £16 5s. 6d. for clothes lost in the vessel," said Joseph Nixon, chief engineer of the *Crane*.

Coal Trimmer's £1,000 Claim.

Arthur Rae, the second engineer of the *Crane*, wanted £1,000 to compensate for the shot in his chest, and £16 10s. 9d. for his effects; and the coal trimmer Almond claimed £1,000 for wounds and shock, and £9 1s. 9d. for his kit.

One after another of the burly fishermen sought redress for shocks to their system. Several skippers, on this score, demanded £50, and members of the crew £30.

Describing his symptoms, one man complained of a tickling sensation on the lobe of his left ear, which had put him off his sleep; and another said he had got influenza through the privations of that terrible night.

The Commissioners on the bench gazed attentively at a coal-trimmer, paid 16s. a week, who claimed £1,000; as if they wondered what the pale-faced youth would do with such a large sum if he got it.

The claims of the widow of Mr. Smith, skipper of the *Crane*, and the parents of William Leggett, the third hand of the lost trawler, were kept secret.

His First and Last Voyage.

There was a touch of pathos in the evidence of the dead skipper's fifteen-year-old son, Albert Smith, who said that he could never go to sea again after what had happened on his first voyage. The shock had completely unnerved him.

It was pointed out by Mr. Ferrens, solicitor, that the amounts ultimately awarded to the families of the killed should not be made public, because "where the carcase is there will the eagles be gathered together."

To this request Mr. Aspinall, K.C., promised that the publication of the actual awards would be considered later.

At an early stage of the proceedings Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge mentioned the bravery of William Smith, mate of the *Crane*, and the presence of mind shown by Arthur Rae, the second engineer.

After to-day the court will be adjourned for some days, and on its reopening, probably in London, the general question of damages to the trawlers and fishing industry of Hull, caused by the Russian warships, will be gone into.

The "Novoye Vremya" (says Reuter) contains a significant editorial paragraph, setting forth that the purpose of the Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea affair is to determine whether the parties concerned, whatever their nationality, British, Russian, or that of a third Power, are open to blame and are to be held responsible for the occurrence.

JUDGE DEFIES THE LAW.

Mr. Justice Grantham Begins Building His Cottages.

Mr. Justice Grantham carried out his avowed intention of defying the Chichester Rural Council yesterday.

Despite the council's refusal to pass his plans of workmen's cottages, the builders, acting under the Judge's instructions, commenced work on the cottages yesterday morning. They met with no interference on the part of the council's officials.

The clerk has written Sir William stating that in the council's opinion his letters to that body fully established the necessity of any action the council has taken in discharge of its duty as the sanitary authority.

A special meeting of the council is to be held to decide what action shall be taken.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA IN IRELAND.

O'Donovan Rossa, the notorious ex-Fenian leader, arrived at Cork yesterday.

He was sentenced to penal servitude in 1867, but was released fifteen years later and exiled.

The occasion of his return to Ireland is the unveiling at Skibbereen of a memorial to Fenians who were imprisoned.

TWINS VINDICATED.

Bohemian Sisters Pass Ordeal of Examination by Doctors.

The Bohemian twins are genuine twins after all. Following the report that the sisters were artificially bound together, Rosa and Josefa Blazek were examined by several prominent doctors and nurses at Brighton, yesterday, and were certified to be linked one to the other by natural tissues.

"It is one of the most marvellous freaks of nature probably ever known," declared one of the doctors. "It is astonishing that these girls should have survived birth."

Later in the day the twins visited the Brighton Hippodrome, where they were seen by the mayor and a large company of visitors.

HINT FROM ROYALTY.

How Queen Alexandra Anticipated the Ideal Matinee Hat.

A well-known theatrical manager, who is much interested in the matinee hat question, has pointed out that, with slight modifications, the hat worn by her Majesty the Queen some years ago would make an ideal theatre hat.

"The *Daily Mirror* matinee hat design," he said, "was wholly admirable; but Queen Alexandra wore a hat nearly fifteen years ago, which, from the theatre-goer's point of view, could hardly be improved upon, and I think that if it were altered a little—brought up to date, so to speak—it would meet everyone's approval to-day. It was fashioned with strings, and strings are now again fashionable."

A picture of Queen Alexandra wearing the hat will be found on page 9.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN WRATHFUL.

Strong Denunciation of Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P.

The Attorney-General for Ireland, having written to Mr. Chamberlain to complain of the opposition to him by the Duke of Bedford supporting Mr. Arnold White for North Derry, has received the following reply:—

Siena, November 11.

My dear Atkinson,
My daughter has sent your two letters of the 31st ult. and the 2nd inst. I send you a line to say that I absolutely and entirely disapprove of the opposition offered to you, and if, on my return or later, I send from me to this effect what would be of the slightest value, you may consider me as entirely at your disposal.

I do not know of anyone who has behaved worse than Mr. T. W. Russell since he ceased to be a member of the Government.

Yours very truly,

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

P.S.—On reflection, it strikes me that you may want an immediate declaration. If so, you may use this note or any part of it.

Mr. Chamberlain will return to England, after his holiday in Italy, about December 5.

Soon after his return he will address 3,500 East Londoners at the Edinburgh Castle Hall.

FREE TRADE BEFORE PARTY.

Duke of Devonshire Tells Unionist Cobdenites How to Vote.

May a Unionist free trade elector vote for a Liberal free trade candidate?

That is the problem which vexes Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey in a long letter published in this week's "Spectator."

It is addressed to the Duke of Devonshire, in consequence of a statement made in his speech at Rainton-le-Wold.

"Nothing should induce you," the Duke had said, "to support any candidate who refused to pledge himself to a repudiation of the policy which had been explained by Mr. Chamberlain and had been adopted by the Tariff Reform League."

His Grace replies by letter to say that, while the opinion of a candidate on the free-trade question should generally be the decisive consideration, there may be cases in which the antecedents or principles of a candidate professing free trade may make it impossible for a Unionist voter to give him active support.

SHOPS CLOSE FOR LACK OF LIGHT.

Owing to a breakdown of the main electric cable, the area embracing Farringdon-street from Snow Hill to Charles-street was last evening plunged in semi-darkness.

In the Fish Market and in many shops recourse had to lamps and candles, but upon learning that the electric supply was not likely to be available before this morning several managers closed their shops.

ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

Lady Marjorie Erskine Joins Children's Hospital.

Pretty Probationer.

The nursing staff of the hospital for children in Great Ormonde-street has made an aristocratic acquisition in the personality of Lady Marjorie Erskine, the charming daughter of Lord and Lady Buchan, who, like some other ladies of rank and wealth, has taken to nursing the sick as a pure labour of love.

The new nurse at Great Ormonde-street is one of the prettiest probationers that ever moved from cot to cot in a hospital ward, soothing and cheering the childish patients.

Previous to making this "choice of a profession," Lady Marjorie Erskine lived in a beautiful sequestered home, where the sorrows and sufferings of the outer world came not nigh.

It was only a few months ago that she came to realize the extent of suffering and sadness that blighted the lives of the poor, and with this knowledge came the determination to do what she could to alleviate their woes.

With this object Lady Marjorie now wears the uniform of a nurse.

Nurse Erskine's Charms.

One of the most engaging and sought-after girls in society, Lady Marjorie, has been voted the belle of many a fashionable function, the admired of all beholders, owing to her accomplishments and captivating manners.

It is not, therefore, matter for wonder that the little patients now under her care are greatly attached to "Nurse Erskine," of whose antecedents they know nothing.

Lady Marjorie insists upon being subject to all the regulations that apply to other members of the nursing staff. She declines all privileges, preferring to do her work and take her "leave" in common with her sister nurses, receiving no visitors except at the stated hours.

None is happier than she at her self-elected duties in the wards.

The hard work and long hours of watching seem to have increased rather than diminished the healthful glow on her delicate complexion, and added to her habitually happy face the charm of contentment with her useful lot.

LUXURY FOR LUNATICS.

Magnificent Rooms in the New Bethlehem Hospital.

The reopened Bethlehem Hospital, popularly known as "Bedlam," seems to be a place of hotel-like magnificence. To judge from the pictures on page 8, the inmates are treated in a style little short of princely.

Very few workrooms like that of the female ward could be seen anywhere else but in the largest West End houses.

The corridor outside one of the female wards looks more like the picture gallery of a great mansion than a portion of a lunatic asylum.

And for the male patients there is, among other luxuriously appointed apartments, a magnificent billiard room.

There are also pianos, chess, draughts, and cards provided for the patients who, when sufficiently advanced towards recovery, are encouraged to play football, cricket, and other outdoor games.

No wonder Dr. Forbes Winslow, speaking before the Psycho-Therapeutic Society last night, said that in no country did the welfare of the insane receive more consideration than in England, especially as he recalled the treatment of lunatics prior to 1827, when patients were chained to their beds from Saturday night until Monday morning to allow their keepers a holiday.

CHURCH DISPUTE SOLUTION.

Probable Government Action in the Scottish Kirk Difficulty.

It is confidently believed that the Government is about to take action with the object of settling the anomalous situation which has arisen from the dispute between the Scottish Free Church and the United Free Church.

The Secretary for Scotland has collected exhaustive particulars from the leaders of both Churches, and was to lay the matter before the Cabinet yesterday. The responsible members of the Free Church have promised to surrender that portion of the trust which they have acknowledged it is beyond their powers to administer.

The Government do not wish private Bills brought into Parliament, and will therefore intervene directly. Proposals are expected to be made by the Cabinet which both Churches can accept.

TEN WEEKS' CIGAR STRIKE ENDS.

Sir William Markby, the arbiter in the dispute between the cigar-makers and the Imperial Tobacco Company, has given an award in favour of the workers, who are willing to return to work at an early date.

"Mrs. Maybrick's Life in Prison."

A wonderful story of a wonderful experience told every Sunday in the

WEEKLY DISPATCH.

Your newsman should be asked **TO-DAY** to send you a copy **TO-MORROW**.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Brothers Die Suddenly in London and Ireland.

LAW COURTS TRAGEDY.

By a sad and remarkable coincidence, two brothers died within a few hours of one another yesterday, and each with awful suddenness.

The elder brother, Mr. Alexander Henry, Recorder of Carlisle, fell dead in the Lord Chief Justice's Court at the Law Courts, just before one o'clock.

Four hours earlier his youngest brother, Mr. William Tenement Henry, J.V., civil engineer, died suddenly at Lisburn, Ireland.

Mr. Henry, who was called in 1865, had long been a familiar figure at the Bar, and the event caused a most painful sensation. He was at once carried from the court; a doctor, who arrived almost immediately, stating that death must have been simultaneous with the fall.

Mr. Henry was a graduate of Queen's University, Ireland, and the London University. He also held the Emeritus Professorship of Jurisprudence at University College, London.

An inquest will be held in due course.

MYSTERY IN FEATHERS.

Experts Puzzled by a Bird at the Palace Show.

Interest in the Cage Bird Show at the Crystal Palace is this year centred in one little brown bird.

To look at it might be a weaver bird; but it is not just what it nobody knows. It has not even a polysyllabic Latin name.

Naturally the other curious fowl exhibited are more or less thrown in the shade. In vain does the black-backed tanager throw incessant somersaults; no one heeds him.

Even the Banksian cockatoo—a huge black creature with a very broad tail—attracts little attention when he shrieks his baleful note.

This performance, which was the sensation of last year's show, combines the penetrating qualities of a locomotive whistle with the broader effects of a motor-horn.

But now all the experienced ornithologists crowd round the cage containing the mysterious unknown, speculating as to what he is and where he came from.

And the bird obstinately refuses all information.

LORD ROSEBERRY AND "IVANHOE."

Lord Rosebery recently expressed surprise that no body of people read "Ivanhoe," or Scott's novels. In a letter to the secretary of the Chester V.M.C.A. in his lordship says:

I am very happy to hear that the members of your reading circle are now studying and discussing "Ivanhoe." No one would rejoice more to hear this than your late neighbour, Mr. Gladstone, were he alive.

BEATEN BY MASKED MEN.

While Mr. Martin Dowd, president of the North Roscommon Executive of the United Irish League, was returning from a United Irish League demonstration at Boyle late on Thursday night he was waylaid by a party of masked men at Moylurg, and beaten.

PROBING A MYSTERY.

Two Men on Trial for Miss Farmer's Murder.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"The heartless murder of a defenceless old woman for the purpose of robbery."

Thus Mr. Charles Mathews, at the Old Bailey, yesterday, summed up the fate of Miss Emily Farmer, an East End newsagent, who was found strangled in her shop in Commercial-road on October 12.

He was opening the case for the prosecution against Conrad Donovan, a sailor, and Charles Wade, a labourer, who are alleged to have committed the crime. In the course of his speech he made an important announcement—at the last moment a new witness had put in an appearance. Since the case depends so largely on circumstantial evidence counsel's announcement was received with much interest.

The two prisoners had pleaded not guilty when the Clerk of Arraignment read over the indictment. Both men had evidently paid more attention to their appearance than is usual with prisoners in their station of life. They wore dark overcoats, and were exceedingly trim and well-groomed.

Mr. Mathews marshalled the facts at his command into an extremely clear and lucid story, in the course of which he detailed Miss Farmer's habits, the circumstances under which her dead body was found, and the Crown's reasons for considering that Donovan and Wade were responsible for her murder.

It was clear, he argued, that the murder was the work of at least two men. The attention of the jury would first be directed to an incident that occurred about a year or fifteen months ago.

Significance of an Incident.

One evening Wade entered the shop to buy a paper, and getting into conversation with a nephew of the deceased who chanced to be there inquired whether Miss Farmer lived alone. "Yes," replied the nephew, and Wade remarked, "She ought not to, ought she?"

A publican in the neighbourhood would give evidence that he had seen the two prisoners walking about outside the shop on more than one Sunday evening, and the landlord of the house where Wade lodged would say that on the morning of the crime Wade was called at a much earlier hour than that at which he usually left the house.

On the morning in question Miss Farmer came downstairs at about six o'clock and took in her papers from the wholesale newsagent. One witness had spoken to seeing the prisoners leaving the shop that morning, and now a new witness was to be called, named Richard Barnes. His evidence was that on the night of October 11 he saw the prisoner Charles Wade "and another" standing together near Miss Farmer's shop. Further, he said that about six o'clock the next morning, a few doors from Miss Farmer's shop, he saw Wade "and another" crossing Commercial-road, and "obviously going in the direction of Miss Farmer's shop."

Barnes knew Wade by sight, and at Brixton Prison had picked Donovan out from amongst fourteen other men as the one who was in the former's company.

The sequence to the evidence of Barnes was that of the boy Rae, who spoke to seeing the prisoners leaving the shop between 6.20 and 6.30 on the morning in question.

Although Miss Farmer had been up and about when the papers were delivered to her at six o'clock, yet when at 6.30 her little errand-boy arrived at the shop she was not there to meet him, as usually was the case. The police were called in, and the body was discovered.

Jewellery Had Vanished.

The premises were in a state of disorder, and none of the jewellery of which the old lady was possessed was there.

Earlier Mr. Mathews had referred to Miss Farmer's habit of making a somewhat ostentatious display of jewellery, and to the current report in the neighbourhood that she was possessed of considerable wealth.

His statements were borne out by a series of witnesses, after which the Court adjourned, the jury being locked up all night by order of the Judge.

"SMASH OR FIRE."

Strong Defence in a Strange Case of Arson.

There was a sensational development yesterday at Northamptonshire Assizes in the case against Ralph and Herbert Bayes, charged with setting fire to their own factory.

Under a searching cross-examination, Hugo Young, the confidential clerk of the prisoners, and the chief witness for the prosecution, was forced to confess that he stole documents, with which he blackmailed the prisoners. He also admitted having threatened to ruin them; that £272 was in the safe, and not saved; and that Ralph made repeated efforts to rescue the books.

He persisted, however, in his story that he was given £100 as "hush-money," and that though £11,000 was paid by the insurance company there was only £800 worth of stock.

Mr. A. C. Palmer, auditor, London, declared for the defence that the prisoners' firm was fully solvent at the time of the fire, and as the result of his independent stock-taking he found over £11,000 worth of stock in the factory just previous to the fire.

Mr. G. H. Brown, leather merchant, Ireland, said he had read in the papers the story of the confidential clerk concerning the stock, and he came forward to contradict it.

He was in the factory four days before the fire, and it was crammed with stock, worth fully £8,000. Other-merchants of high standing gave similar evidence.

The prisoner Ralph gave a total denial to the confidential clerk's story.

The strength of the case for the defence came as a great surprise to a crowded court.

The hearing was adjourned until to-day.

EARL AND THE RIVER.

How Misfortunes Came Upon Elvaston Castle.

Elvaston Castle, the Derbyshire seat of the Earl of Harrington, is, as the guide-books say, prettily situated on the banks of the charming river Derwent, six miles below Derby.

This fact was referred to in Chancery Court II. yesterday, before Mr. Justice Buckley, in an action brought by the Earl to curb the action of the Corporation of Derby. The Derwent, it was explained, was not so charming as the guide-books make it, the river so nasty by discharging "crude sewage" into it that the Earl of Harrington had been obliged to let a lake in front of his castle, until recently fed by the river, run dry and become an unsightly and bad-smelling mud sheet.

What was even worse, his Lordship had been forced to exclude from his estate the little stream supplied by the Derwent that turns a water-wheel that pumps up water from a well for the use of the Elvaston household.

A huge volume of correspondence which passed between the castle and the town was read in court, and then the case was adjourned.

MYSTERIOUS WANDERER.

The mysterious deaf and dumb youth, apparently of foreign extraction, whose identity has remained an insoluble problem, was again before the West-minster magistrate yesterday.

A peculiarity of his is that he has always chosen the thirteenth day of the month on which to abscond from the workhouse, where at various times he has been an inmate. After escaping from Lambeth Workhouse, on the 13th instant, he was found begging in the streets. The magistrate ordered him to be sent back again.

OCTOGENARIAN'S LIFE OF CRIME.

At Breconshire Assizes, at Brecon, yesterday, Daniel Henry Kinsey, aged eighty, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for house-breaking and robbery at Blwch, Breconshire.

Prisoner broke into the house of Mr. Francis Evans whilst the occupants were in chapel and stole jewellery to the value of £20, set fire to the house, and afterwards secreted the stolen property in a churchyard about four miles away. He had already served five terms of penal servitude, amounting in the aggregate to twenty years, and about nine years for various minor offences.

FOOD LIKE BROKEN BRICKS.

Severe censure was passed on a woman named Emma Sampson by an Edmonton coroner's jury for her treatment of a child, aged one month, which had been placed under her charge.

The child died from the effects of being given oatmeal which, a doctor stated, was equivalent to its being fed on broken bricks.

The Lord Chief Justice and other Judges yesterday dismissed the appeal of a Scarborough passive resister against a revising barrister's decision depriving him of his vote.

SLAPPING THE LAW.

Lady Severely Censured for Her Contempt of Court.

It is of course very wrong for a sister to slap her brother in the face anywhere or on any occasion, but the deed becomes doubly serious and naughty when it is done within the precincts of the Supreme Court of Judicature.

The Lord Chancellor's Court is on such ground, and when the fair plaintiff in the case of "Carlen v. Whitehouse" had the misfortune to push her brother, the defendant, in the face, just outside the Lord Chancellor's Court the other day it was recognised that the consequences would be serious.

It was just as if she had slapped the Majesty of the Law in the face.

As expected, Mr. Justice Farwell, who presides over the Lord Chancellor's Court—called the Lord Chancellor's Court because the Lord Chancellor is never there—summoned Mrs. Carlen to appear before the bar.

This she did yesterday, attired in a most becoming costume, and with pretty regret on her sorrowing face.

Her counsel voiced her regret for her. It was of the most humble nature.

When Mr. Justice Farwell had entered he had said in ominous tones: "Is the lady present?" but the humility of the apology, and the pathetic attitude of his supplicant, seemed to touch his heart.

After listening to counsel's explanation—the young lady had not seen her mother for some time, and she thought her brother was going to prevent her doing so—he pronounced a decision which lifted a load of anxiety from many breasts.

He would not send the young lady to prison, he said. It was necessary, however, to prevent the obstruction of the administration of justice, so he must fine her £10.

NO PITY FOR HOMELESS LAD.

Farmer and His Wife Severely Criticised for Neglect.

A pitiful story of a poor and homeless orphan boy's neglect by a farmer was heard by the Whitchurch magistrates yesterday.

George Hilton, aged sixteen years, was taken by Richard Moyle from the Bolton and County of Lancaster Industrial School to work on his farm near Whitchurch.

Recently an officer of the R.S.P.C.C. heard complaints from a constable and a neighbouring farmer that the boy was being ill-treated.

The inspector visited the farm and found the boy in a very dirty condition and covered with sores, bruises, and cuts. His heels were very bad, and he could only hobble about the farm.

Moyle, asked if he would not have been stopped had he been seen working a horse in such a condition, replied that he probably would.

The magistrates said they could not convict for boy, but thought Moyle and his wife were very worthy of blame for neglecting a poor, homeless lad, who, coming from such an institution, should have been much better looked after.

COUNCILLOR'S HYPOCRISY.

Two employees of the King's Cross and Barnsbury Omnibus Association, the road manager, Thomas Rowley, and a cashier, Alfred William Warner, were, at Newington Sessions yesterday, sentenced respectively to nine and six months in the second division for conspiring to defraud the company of £643.

Rowley, who was a member of the Lambeth Borough Council, recently made a strong speech on the subject of purity in the administration of municipal affairs.

DAILY PERJURY IN COURTS OF LAW.

For perjury in connection with a recent action in the High Courts, William Goulder Thompson, aged seventy-eight, at one time a merchant in Manchester, was sentenced to two months' hard labour at the Old Bailey, yesterday.

Mr. Justice Grantham said he was sorry to say there was an enormous amount of perjury in English courts—it was of daily occurrence.

BIRCH AS A CURE.

Four boys were, at the Southend-on-Sea Police Court yesterday, ordered to be birched for stealing the contents of penny-in-the-slot gas-meters.

The chairman of the Bench remarked that the town had been suffering from an epidemic of such thefts.

The Anchor Line, sailing from Glasgow to New York, has advanced the steerage rate £10.

Cesare Bauer was ordered twelve months' imprisonment at the Old Bailey yesterday for defrauding a Milan firm for whom he was agent.

It was stated at Bow-street, yesterday, that there was no foundation for the story of Walter Kelly, aged ten, who declared that his mother instructed him to pick pockets.

FOG IN THE CHANNEL.

Feared Disasters to British Shipping.

TRAFFIC ALMOST STOPPED.

For the fourth successive day, says our Dover correspondent, there has been a thick fog over the English Channel.

Last night it greatly increased in density. The cross-Channel traffic has been carried on with difficulty, continuous firing of fog-guns and signals having been necessary for the guidance of the traffic at Dover.

Traffic in the Channel yesterday was almost at a standstill, and everywhere apprehension as to the safety of shipping was felt.

Some wreckage has been washed ashore between Dover and Folkestone, and our Ostend correspondent reports that a quantity of wreckage has also been recovered on the Belgian and Dutch shores, including a ship's lifeboat, bearing the name Millie Bain, Teignmouth.

Lifeboats from the Lowestoft fishing-vessel Paramount have also been recovered amongst this wreckage.

WHAT THE FOG COSTS.

London Loses £80,000 for Each Day of Gloom.

Eighty thousand pounds a day.

This is a moderate estimate of the cost to London of such fog as that which has prevailed now for five days.

The daily loss arising directly from the presence of fog is computed at £50,000, while, in addition to this, another £30,000 is wasted by loss of time. Hence the loss incurred in London since Sunday last amounts to £400,000.

Among large items of expenditure made necessary by fog is the annual repair of the damage done to the Houses of Parliament, at a cost of £2,500.

Railway companies are, of course, the heaviest sufferers, and £50 was spent in a single day this week in extra pay to platelayers at Clapham Junction, while the Metropolitan spent £300 on one day's fog-signals.

£4,000,000 Lost.

Mr. Rollo Russell estimates the total yearly cost of fog in London at the appalling figure of £4,000,000.

The fog yesterday did not lie quite so low as earlier in the week, but the effect was to plunge the City and suburbs into Egyptian darkness.

All over the Midlands it was much in evidence also, and its widespread nature may be gauged from the fact that such far-removed places as Filey, Margate, and Bath were encompassed with fog.

Since Sunday London has had only four hours of sunshine, but we are still ninety-one hours to the good in this respect. Last Friday the eight days, November 17-25, produced only one hour of sunshine, and there was fog every day. One of the worst seasons was the winter of 1886-1887, when there were no fewer than eighty-six foggy days.

WHERE THE SUN SHINES.

While Londoners have been choking and groping in Cimmerian gloom, a correspondent writes, the extreme south-west of England has been enjoying an Indian summer of unexampled brightness and beauty.

At Bude, in North Cornwall, the sun glared down for eight uninterrupted hours so fiercely that women sat in the open air in cotton dresses, with parasols over their heads. Every day this week scores of children might be seen paddling.

At Widemouth Bay the strange winter spectacle of an al fresco luncheon party on the sands was to be seen. At Padstow, Port Isaac, and Port Gavern the straw hat reigned supreme.

BY RAIL TO BURNHAM BEACHES.

The Great Western Railway Company have decided to apply for Parliamentary powers to construct a line from the parish of Burnham, near Slough, to Uxbridge.

This will bring the company's system nearer the famous Burnham Beaches and the renowned village of Stoke Pogis, whose churchyard contains the tomb of the poet Gray.

CHILDREN TEETHING.

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gum, relieves pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/2 per bottle.

THINNEST WATCHES
IN THE WORLD.
REDUCED
TO
25/-
FIVE YEARS'
WRITTEN
GUARANTEE.
Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.
Blue Oxidised Cases -
Jewelled Lever Movements
ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.

V. SAMUEL & CO.,
26, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Mr. Pickford, K.C., was yesterday sworn in by the Liverpool Lord Mayor as Recorder.

Wages disputes in the shipyards of the Tyne, Wear, Tees, and Hartlepool threaten to develop into a lock-out.

Mrs. Choate, wife of the United States Ambassador in London, is confined to her room suffering from a slight attack of bronchitis.

COUNTESS AS SOCIALIST.

Socialists at their grand demonstration at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on January 24 will welcome among them a prominent peeress.

The Countess of Warwick has promised to deliver an address on present-day labour problems.

STRAND STATUE.

On the arch of the courtyard of the Savoy Hotel in the Strand there has now been placed a 14ft. high statue of solid bronze, weighing two tons.

It is a presentation of Peter Duke of Savoy, who was brother-in-law to Henry III., and is the work of Mr. F. Lynne Jenkins.

STOLE FOR SOLDIER SON.

Maternal affection led Elizabeth Bickerstaffe to send her soldier boy a birthday present, and she overcame the initial difficulty of a lack of money by stealing and pawning a counterpane.

For the theft she has been sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour at Blackpool.

IMPRISONED IN A CHURCH.

The protracted devotions of two ladies at the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, at Liverpool, led to their being locked in the building.

At ten o'clock at night the attention of a police man was drawn to a handkerchief fluttering through a crack in the door, and the ladies were rescued, greatly terrified by their lengthy vigil.

POKER IN AN UMBRELLA.

An umbrella in itself is a sufficiently dangerous weapon in the hands of an excited woman, but it was stated, in the Newcastle Police Court, that the particular umbrella with which Elizabeth A. Kirk struck Margaret Robertson had a poker inside it.

As, however, Mrs. Kirk was led into the assault by jealousy, she was merely bound over in her own recognisance of £5.

TOTTENHAM MURDER SEQUEL.

December 6 has been fixed by the Sheriff of Middlesex for the execution of the man Holmes, who was sentenced to death at the Old Bailey last Tuesday for the murder of his nephew, Eric Copland, at Tottenham.

The execution will take place, should the law be allowed to run its course, at nine o'clock, at Pentonville Prison.

MANCHESTER'S UNDERGROUND.

Liverpool has its overhead railway, but Manchester intends to overcome the difficulty of congested traffic by a new underground service, to cost about a million sterling.

Now that electricity can be used both for traction and to secure efficient ventilation, the tunnel system has obvious advantages over an above-surface line.

SHOCKS FOR HORSES.

Through a leakage in the electric tram cable a spot in a Plymouth street became highly charged.

An amused crowd assembled on the pavement to watch the passing carts, as even the most weary horses sprang forward as they received the unexpected shock.

Dogs were also affected, and howled and danced as they stepped on to the affected spot.

USEFUL SCHOOL BAND.

It has been decided by the Poplar Guardians that each child in their schools on being apprenticed shall be entered as a member of the juvenile branch of the Hearts of Oak Society, and that each shall be given a Post Office savings bank-book with a deposit of 5s. to their credit.

This money will not come out of the rates, but out of the money earned by the school band during the year.

HOLIDAYS AND HONESTY.

The fact of a cashier not taking any holidays should always arouse suspicion of his honesty, said Mr. S. A. Dyer at a meeting of the Manchester Incorporated Accountants.

Not only should a cashier be compelled to cultivate a proper observance of holidays, but it was essential he should not be allowed to post the ledgers or send out accounts if he was to be denied opportunity to hide defalcations.

SPOONS MELT IN THE PORRIDGE.

Economy can be carried too far, even in a house, as the Bradford Guardians, who were tempted by cheap prices to go to Germany for spoons, have discovered.

The spoons are bright and pretty to look at, but are said to melt when inserted in the paupers' porridge.

The firm supplying them sarcastically remark that they did not think spoons like shovels or crowbars would be wanted for ordinary porridge.

During his year of office the Lord Mayor will occupy the post of vice-president of the British Empire League.

A memorial service for the late Earl of Northbrook will be held at noon to-day, at Christ Church, Down-street, Mayfair.

Caused by a wholesale disregard of rules and safety appliances, is the result of the Board of Trade inquiry on the East Sinton collision on the North British Railway on November 13.

SLATE CLUBS "SLATED."

Mr. H. V. Toynbee, the organising secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, does not believe in the slate, or sharing-out, clubs established in connection with the churches and chapels.

Speaking on "Thrift" at the People's Palace, Mile End, he said they drew away members from the permanent societies, and so did a positive harm to the cause of thrift.

In regard to the objection to friendly societies meeting at public-houses, Mr. Toynbee said he knew a society which tried a coffee-house, and which had to return to a public-house because of the language used at the coffee-house.

WELSH NAMES IN WALES.

The agitation in Wales to induce the Postmaster-General to recognise the Welsh names of Welsh places is viewed with consternation by letter-writers.

It has been made a cause of complaint that a letter addressed to Caerby, which it appears has been the Welsh name for Holyhead since the time of the Romans, took three days to reach its destination.

This name might be tried as an experiment on booking-office clerk at Euston with a request for a "third return."

THOUSANDS IN FEES.

The extraordinary manner in which the vaccination fees have gone up during the last four years is shown in a striking return issued yesterday.

During the four years prior to the operation of the latest Act, the sum paid in fees only amounted to £648 in the East End, or at the rate of 1s. 8d. per child.

In the past four years, however, there has been a tremendous increase, the fees amounting to £7,552, while the cost per vaccination has gone up to 7s. Id.

"PURITANISM" OF L.C.C. MEMBERS.

At the next meeting of the Metropolitan Radical Federation the following motion will be dealt with:

"That this Council is in full agreement with the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam as to the dangerous and mischievous tendency towards puritanism of the Progressive members of the L.C.C. That we welcome, and will accord our support to any effort to infuse a wider and more liberal spirit in the administration of our music-halls, theatres, parks, and open spaces."

TAGG'S ISLAND FOR SALE.

Tagg's Island, Hampton Court, is to be brought under the hammer on Thursday, December 1.

The island comprises some five and a half acres and for many years has been in the occupation of Messrs. Tom Tagg and Son, and it was in their care last year that a petal launch was built for the use of the King.

The hotel and the boathouses are also to be sold, as is the Hampton Court Club, on the opposite bank of the river, and the boathouses adjoining.

COBHAM DESSERT APPLE.

That fine, late dessert apple, the Cobham, is or sale in limited quantities.

It was raised by a Sittingbourne cottager in the reign of George II. In 1846 the original tree—the over a century old—was cut down by a vandal who bought the land on which it was growing for building purposes.

Unused stores, including wine from the Antarctic ship Discovery are to be sold in London by auction.

"Racing motor-cars are practically projectiles along country roads," said Mr. S. F. Edge in a lecture at Shefford.

The Birmingham District and Counties Bank has decided to amalgamate with the Midland Counties and District Bank of Nottingham and Leicester.

PENNY MEALS IN A CRYPT.

Canon Horsley, vicar of St. Peter's, Walworth, has placed the crypt of his church at the disposal of a local committee for providing the poor children of the neighbourhood with penny meals during the coming months.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER'S ARREST.

Great excitement has been caused at Stockport at the arrest of George Bardsley, a prominent temperance lecturer in the neighbourhood, for burglary.

He was stated by the police to have a bad record, and has been committed for trial.

NATIVES' SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscribed by the natives in the Victoria East division of Cape Colony, £20 has been sent to the Cape Agent-General in London for the widows of those who fell in the war.

The amount has been handed to the Royal Patriotic Fund, to be used for the purpose desired.

POLICEMAN'S DECORATION.

Inspector Quinn, who has succeeded Mr. Melville as chief of the political department at Scotland Yard, has just been honoured with a foreign decoration.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred upon him the order of Franz Josef.

MORE OFFICERS WANTED.

There will be about thirty additional vacancies at the Royal Military College in January.

The number of cadetships to be awarded to competitors at the Entrance Examination, which commences on the 29th inst., will therefore be raised to 100, including two for the West India Regiment.

SWEDISH TURNIP IN HIS HATBOX.

A well dressed male visitor to Leicester, after being accommodated with rooms for several days at one of the chief hotels, and regaling himself with champagne and other good things, left the house and did not return.

When his bag and hatbox were opened, they were found to contain one large swede turnip and two savoy cabbages.

LADY JOURNALISTS.

Women journalists are to be congratulated on an excellent showing of their tenth annual report and balance-sheet, the receipts during the past year being £141 4s. from subscriptions and £47 19s. Id. from the entertainment fund.

An experiment to be tried during the coming year is the reduction of the subscription of county members to half a guinea, with a view of materially increasing the society's representation in the provinces.

COVERED CARS FOR CLAPHAM.

Thanks to the success of an experiment which took place on Monday night, Clapham tramcar patrons will presently be enjoying a service proof against any weather, with covered-in tops.

It has been a moot point whether tramcars so fitted would pass beneath the railway arch on that route, and by means of wooden uprights lashed to a car roof the question was satisfactorily settled.

The proposed "roofs" will only clear the bridge by about an inch, but that is ample.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

that is within easy reach of every kindly giver's purse, and that would always and everywhere be thoroughly appreciated is a "Daily Mirror" Miniature. These brilliant

PENDANTS

2/11

(Postage 2d. extra.)

BROOCHES

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(Postage 2d. extra.)

little pictures are equal in every respect to those lovely works of art that were in vogue some seventy years ago, and are only being sold at these ridiculously low sums to advertise the "Daily Mirror."

Don't wait until the Christmas rush. Send your orders now, and you will be rewarded by receiving your Miniatures

in half the time it will take to execute them a week hence. If you require a double Pendant, that is one with pictures on both sides, the price is only one shilling extra.

How to Send for the Miniatures.—When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant fill in the coupon below, enclose photograph and postal order crossed Coutts and Co., and send it to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror" [Here state whether you require Brooch or Pendant.]

Name Address

Colour of Hair Colour of Eyes

Complexion Dress

Call at 45, New Bond Street, London, W., or 2, Carmelite Street, and see one.

NEW UNDERGROUND.

First Electric Trains to Start with the New Year.

The work of electrifying the Metropolitan Railway, which includes the Inner Circle from South Kensington to Aldgate, and the outlying districts to Uxbridge, is now practically complete.

The first working electric trains will start, it is hoped, on January 1 from Baker-street to St. John's Wood, Harrow, and Uxbridge.

Meanwhile, a successful trial trip of a complete train of six coaches with two motors has been made from Neasden to Uxbridge, and within a few days further and more extensive trials will take place.

Interviewed yesterday as to the new arrangements, the manager of the railway said:—

"We have always found penny fares extremely popular, and we shall not do away with them. So there will be no universal fare for all distances."

"We have two classes—first and second. We do not anticipate that having different classes will mean any loss of time, and in the English opinion at any rate I do not think we have reached the day of the universal class yet."

"A two and a half minutes' service has been decided on for the Inner Circle. Each train will consist of six coaches, two of which will have motors attached and will accommodate nearly 300 passengers."

"We shall be able to deal with over 7,000 people an hour, so that I think we shall not hear any more of the charges that there is never room enough in the trains on the Metropolitan."

THE CITY.

Markets Healthier—Japanese Loan Allotments—Rally in Consols—Foreign Bourses Cheerful.

CAPITAL COURTS, Friday Evening.—A very much better feeling characterised the Stock Exchange to-day. The recent political fears seem to be forgotten. The markets were assumed to be in a healthier condition, and there was less talk of possible money troubles. So that, with a very little show of buying, the market tendency did not take long to improve. The close, in fact, was more cheerful, and in several directions there had been a good deal of animation. Perhaps the group of Mexican securities were the most prominent. The securities of the various Mexican railways were hoisted in price all round. This was due to the knowledge that Mexico was stopping the free coining of silver for internal purposes. The result will be some fixity for the value of the Mexican dollar. People who send money into Mexico will have greater confidence that they will get the same amount out again without loss on depreciated currency. This, again, will mean a fillip to trade, and will encourage the great influx of American capital, already in progress, to continue. Moreover, railroad receipts will benefit from increased trade, and there is no longer the old fear of the decline in the value of the dollar, which has so often made earnings, good in themselves, look sorrowful when turned into gold. This, then, was the reason for the great rise in Mexican prices seen of late weeks on foreign buying, and for the strength of the market to-day.

Small Applicants Favoured.

The next most interesting feature, and perhaps to many the most interesting of all, was the issue of the Japanese loan allotments. The small applicant was this time more favourably treated. If he applied for £100 he got it in full, and all applicants up to £2,000 got £100. Between £2,000 and £4,000 the allotted amount was a matter of general gossip, and the premium on the new issue is 4c. Very large applicants received about 3 per cent. of the amount allotted for fees.

A foreign incident was the rally which took place in Consols. The price rose to 884, and closed firm at 88 3-16. This naturally helped the other markets. Home Railways, for instance, showed an all-round improvement. The Southern, the north, and Scottish Railways, the Southern specialised stocks rallied, and there was a good tendency everywhere, with Hull and Barnsley still prominent on the amalgamation talk. They say not that the Middlesex and Lancashire Metropolitans were won, as it is said that £750,000 of new Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Convertible Preference capital is being issued immediately.

American Railways Bought.

The Mexican news, discussed at some length above, made a great impression on American Railways. People were ready to argue that it would promise good trade for the United States with Mexico. At all events, the market here was bright all afternoon. But the close was irregular. Grand Trunks quite got over their traffic disturbance of yesterday. Canadian Railways were good. Argentine Railways were also firm. The Taital Railway was mentioned as improving the prospects for next year being discussed favourably.

The Foreign Bourses caught up in the afternoons little by little, and the selling stocks were inclined to improve, and, because copper rose, copper shares were again put higher. Peruvians were bought, perhaps because the time of the issue of the report draws near.

Miscellaneous Market Benefited.

The market in Miscellaneous descriptions was a little more active. The rally in Americans caused Anglo-American Telegraph shares to be put up. In fact, all telegraph descriptions are strongly favoured. Textile shares showed a good tendency, and the same was true of the shipping stocks. There was some bidding for Nelsons. Hudson's Bay's shares are good.

The Transvaal Chamber of Mines noted that the ss. Sib sailed on Wednesday last for South Africa with 1,200 Chinese on board. This was a very satisfactory feeling in Kaffraria. The market picked up all round, and Rhodesians were specially supported. The Bank of Rhodesia was being pushed up to 4s. West Africans were irregular, but West Africans quietly firm.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:-
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The Food Discovery of the Age.
Extract.

From a successful Stock-owner to his son.
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MOLASSINE MEAL.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1904.

THE RIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

A LETTER to the "Times" raises an interesting question. The writer had his dog run over and killed by a motor-car. In a state of grief and indignation (with which every lover of dogs will sympathise) he writes to say that dogs have just as much right to the roads as drivers of motor-cars. He would even extend this right to all animals, and would put upon motorists the onus of avoiding them wherever they happen to be exercising their privilege.

Let us see first how the law stands. The law says that human beings are entitled to a proper use of the roadway. They may cross it whenever they feel inclined, but they remain in it at their own risk.

Exactly the same law applies to domestic animals. Thus, if a dog is run over while he is crossing a road in a businesslike way, his owner has a grievance of which the law will take account. But if the dog has stopped to investigate a bone, or to sit down and rest, as dogs will, then his blood is upon his own head. Cats would be upon the same footing, if cats had any legal value. The position of cattle, sheep, and pigs is open to debate.

To allow animals to use the roads on any other terms would be grossly unfair. To say that they have the same rights as motor-cars is absurd. This would mean that a single dog, cow, or sheep was entitled to hold up any number of vehicles. A sleepy pig could stop the traffic on a narrow road for a whole day.

The correspondent of the "Times" says motorists have often said to him "Animals are so silly; they won't get out of the way." Everyone who has either motored or bicycled knows this is a perfectly just complaint. And most of us would be inclined to make it against little boys as well.

IGNORANCE ON THE BENCH.

Once more magisterial ignorance has eclipsed even judicial ignorance. The proprietor of a West End riding school has been compelled to pay the costs of a summons at Marylebone Police Court because he tied up the leg of a vicious horse.

When he protested to the magistrate that the practice was well-recognised among horse trainers, the magistrate merely said he had never heard of it, and inflicted the penalty. In other words, what a magistrate does not know is not knowledge.

After the exposure which followed the case in which a man was sent to prison for applying pepper, a well-known remedy, to a cut on a horse's knee, one would have thought Mr. Curtis Bennett would have refrained from considering himself omniscient in the matter of horses. As he does not, let us tell him what everybody who has anything to do with horses knows. The strapping-up of the foreleg is a regular cure for vicious kicking in a horse. Few horses are stupid enough to kick when they are standing on three legs. A fall usually follows the attempt.

A few falls brought about in this way will often cure the kicker. The same method is employed to cure a "jibber"—that is, a horse which refuses to move forward. A horse which insists on standing still in harness soon grows tired of the practice if he is compelled to do so for longer than he wishes.

This habit on the part of magistrates of punishing people for quite innocent and customary acts must be checked. It is not only annoying; it is positively dangerous. And it brings the law seriously into disrepute.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency as the simple truth.—Charles Dickens.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, the commander of Gibraltar, is to have the honour of receiving the King in the near future, a proceeding in which he will shine, for his Irish adaptability makes him as successful in the Court as the field. As to his South African war

record, everyone knows that, but not everyone knows that he was very nearly kept in England as an invalid at that time.

* * *

Shortly before the outbreak of war he met with an accident to his leg, and had by no means

recovered when hostilities were actually in sight. Lord Wolseley told him that he feared his temporary lameness must be a reason for keeping him at home. Sir George, who was lunching with his chief at the United Service Club, had an answer ready which settled that idea. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "my leg is well enough for anything except running away!" There was nothing to be said after that, and he went out.

* * *

It was suggested the other day that "Lucas Malet," Charles Kingsley's daughter, who has made such a name as an authoress, should write a history of that muscular Christianity movement in which her father played such an important part. As she has become a Roman Catholic, the suggestion is somewhat misplaced. Much as she loves Devonshire, where her married life was spent, Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) is now to be found in London, for the damp, soft climate of the West was too relaxing for the artist's finely strung nerves.

* * *

Her health broke down, and, after a tour in the East, for she has her father's love of wandering, she came to London, where she finds the mental stimulus that she missed in sleepy Clovelly. But delicate in health as she is, she has never forgotten her childhood's training of the days when her father used only to be stern when his children showed any signs of fear. To this day she sums up life in "Everyone can have what he wants in this world, if he only wants it hard enough, and if he has only courage to take it when it comes. It doesn't do to hesitate, and if you are afraid, why, it's all over with you."

MERE MAN FORGOTTEN.

Public attention has been fixed very much on the Duchess of Westminster lately, for she has just presented the Duke with an heir. But the Duke himself has naturally been a little forgotten. He may be considered one of the luckiest men in England. He has an enormous fortune, magnificent country-seats, and he is only twenty-five. He attracted some attention when he went out to the war. He was in the Cheshire Yeomanry, and amused his comrades in South Africa by cutting their hair with horse-clippers when barbers became scarce!

* * *

Florizel von Reuter, the boy composer and violinist, was busy yesterday rehearsing the London Symphony Orchestra in the St. James's Hall. He was conducting the instrumentalists through the funeral march he composed in memory of his dog Bébé, which will be publicly performed for the first time this afternoon. "You heard," he said, after laying aside his baton, "that it is not all sad. I have it in what I call a 'consolation' movement, because I thought when he died that he escaped all the troubles he must have had in this world."

* * *

"You know, I found him by the door of my hotel in Constantinople. He was such a dear puppy that I took him in, and he was my companion every minute for six weeks. Then, playing about in the road, he was run over and killed before my eyes. My friend Pierre Loti, who had his ship in the harbour, wrote Bébé's epitaph, and he was buried in the cemetery of a friend of mine in Constantinople with the poet's words on his tombstone. The day after he died I commenced this march, which will be played to-morrow."

FORTUNE MADE QUICKLY.

"Spencer, Turner, and Boldero" used once to be names as familiar as those of Maple or Whiteley are now. Mr. Boldero, whose funeral takes place today, was a skilful advertiser, and built up a great drapery business out of small beginnings. Some thirty years ago he firm employed the late G. A. Sala, then at the height of his fame as a journalist, to write a book about it. It was very well done, and did them so much good that in 1894 they were able to sell the business to a company for close on half a million.

* * *

The founder of the firm, a certain Thomas Hall, had retired from business many years before that with a good income, having seen the one small shop with which he started develop into a whole row of important buildings. But money left the Hall family as quickly as it came to it, for not long ago the son of Thomas was a candidate for admission to the Royal Incurables' Hospital. Such are the ups and downs of life.

* * *

Yesterday was the birthday of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, humorist, dramatist, and magistrate, and in celebration of the event he has followed out one of his own stage maxims of "making the punishment fit the crime." A case came before him, in which a woman, who said that her child had been unduly punished at school, assaulted the schoolmistress, and consequently appealed to answer a summons for assault. One of the schoolchildren who saw the blow struck was called to give evidence.

* * *

The child found a good deal of difficulty in explaining how hard a blow it was she saw, so Mr. Gilbert invited her to come up on the bench and illustrate it on him. Up to Mr. Gilbert went the child and, raising a tiny fist, dealt the magistrate-drama a featherly blow on the back. "No harder than that?" asked Mr. Gilbert, and then proceeded to make the punishment fit the crime by merely binding the offending mother over "to keep the peace."

THE ICE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER WITH THAT SUN!



THE RUSSIAN (skating on Port Arthur lake): These cracks are getting bigger every day. The ice won't bear much longer. That sun is perfectly awful.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Justice Grantham.

HE has declared war, and has done so with all due ceremony. After notifying the Chailey Rural Council that he meant to start building the disputed cottages, the work was started yesterday.

What will the rural council do? Will they pull them down again? Will they go on calling Mr. Justice Grantham names? They have already called him a quack: what will they call him next?

Not that Mr. Justice Grantham is likely to care much. He is too used to hard names. He has had many levelled at him, for his outbreaks on the bench have roused the ire of most sections of the community at one time or another.

He has many enthusiasms. He is a strong opponent of drink and gambling. He is an enthusiast on the Army. But his greatest enthusiasm is for himself as a country landlord. When it comes to designing cottages for his tenants he is not the man to put up with interference from anyone, and they may call him a quack as often as they like.

As a country squire should be, he is fond of racing on the bench.

When he is not acting as judge, in one capacity or other, he is acting as square-bountiful. One day a week the children have a race for a walk, and explaining to them everything they see, from the geological formation of the country to the latest agricultural machinery.

He is quite in his element on those excursions, even more so than on the bench or when designing cottages.

NOVEMBER FOG AND GLOOM.

A Seasonable Poem.

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no 'other side the way'—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!

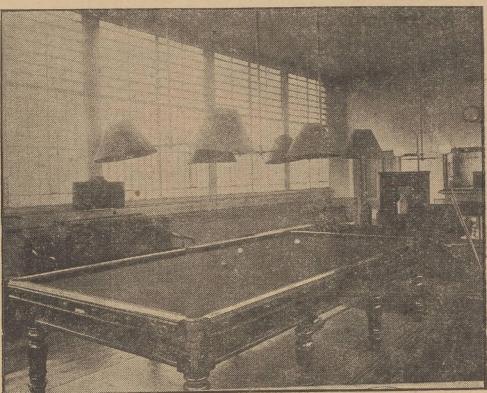
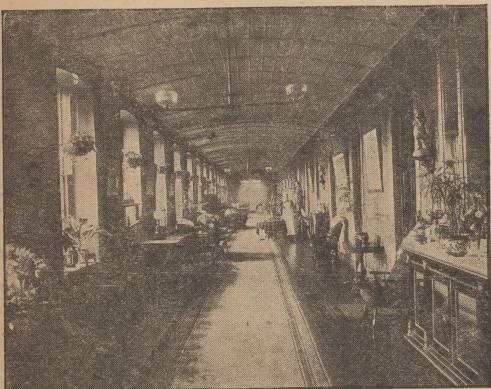
No travelling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
No "Go" —by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No Park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company, no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruit, no flowers, no birds, no leaves,
No vember! —Thomas Hood.

You are an hour late this morning, Sam." "Yes, sah, I know it, sah. I was kicked by a mule on my way here, sah."

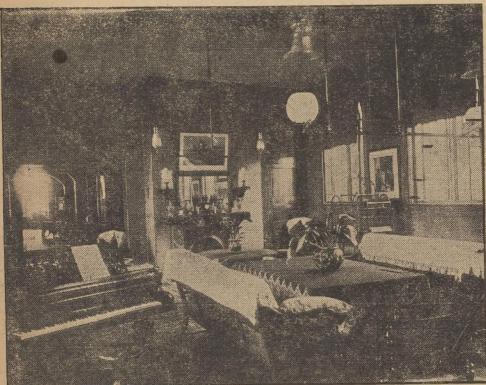
"That ought not to have detained you an hour, Sam."

"Well, you see, boss, it wouldn't have if he'd only have kicked me in this direction, but he kicked me de other way!" —Yonkers Statesman."

"LUXURIOUS BEDLAM"



These photographs were not taken in the Hotel Cecil; they are merely views of the luxurious interior of the Bethlem Hospital, S.E. The first picture shows the female ward. In the second is seen the splendidly-appointed billiard-room for the recreation of the inmates.



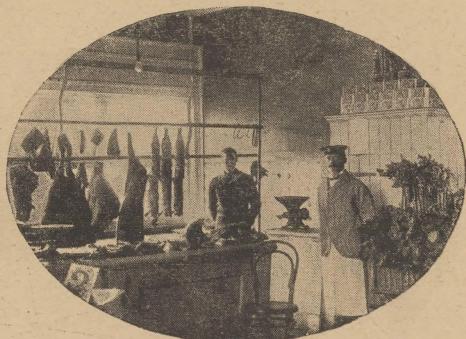
This is the workroom attached to the female quarters at the Bethlem Hospital, where everything, from a piano downwards, is provided for the entertainment of the inmates.

JOCKEY AND TRAINER.



Mr. Purcell Gilpin, the trainer of Pretty Polly, Delaunay, and many other famous winners this season, chatting to "Danny" Maher, the popular jockey, who has a better winning percentage than any other of the leading riders.

TOMMY ATKINS, SHOPKEEPER.



The meat, fish, and greengrocery department of one of the new military shops opened at Aldershot. The shopkeepers seen above are soldiers in mufti. Civilians will not be served in these shops.

MUSICAL TEA-PACKING.



Messrs. J. Lyons and Company's tea-packing department, at Cadby Hall, Kensington, where the girl tea-packers are being entertained, as they work, to a selection of lively tunes poured out from the big gramophone seen in this photograph.

NEWS

THE QUEEN IN



This is a photograph of her Majesty Queen Victoria, which a prominent theatrical man (W.

THE DERBY



Romer, who won the Derby Gold Cup, owner told all his friends he



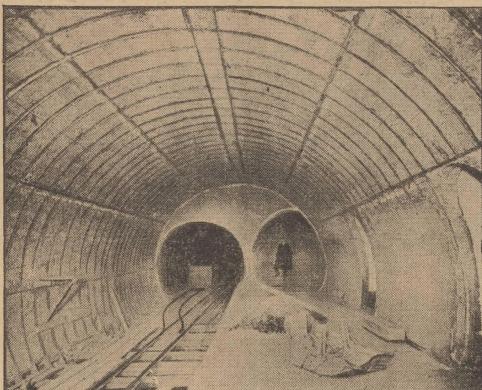
A beaten favourite: Santry was beaten by a deal of money in t

VIEWS

MATINEE HAT.

Snapped for News.

UNDER NELSON'S MONUMENT.



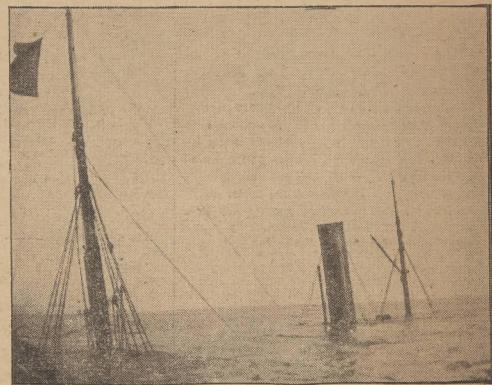
Many passers-by wonder what is going on behind the hoarding near Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar-square. This photograph gives the solution. It shows the new station on the Baker-street and Waterloo Railway, which is now being completed under the Nelson Column.

TO-NIGHT'S COMMAND PERFORMANCE.



Miss Evelyn Millard, who is playing with Mr. Lewis Waller's company in "Monsieur Beaucaire" at the command performance at Windsor Castle to-night.—(Langfier.)

STRUCK BY A LINER.



The ss. Violet, of London, laden with coals, lying sunk near Thames Haven, below Gravesend. She was struck by a Castle liner during the thick fog and sank immediately.

A REGISTRY OFFICE FOR PET DOGS.



A bureau for the sale of prize and pet dogs has now been opened in Regent-street, where all kinds of toy dogs and Persian kittens are registered. The first photograph shows two blue toy-terriers at the bureau, and in the second picture is seen the secretary of the registry office.

SUMMER BATHING IN CORNWALL.



While London is frozen up and half-suffocated with the fog the inhabitants of Bude, in Cornwall, are now enjoying summer bathing, as seen by the above photograph.

THE WELSH WESLEY.



Evan John Roberts, the young collier preacher, of Loughor, in Wales. He is only twenty-six, and a few months ago was working as a collier. He is seen in the above photograph with a bevy of girl-evangelist singers. — (Photograph by Berry.)

ken some years ago, in a hat,
the ideal hat for matinée wear.—

WINNER.



e" Davis, of Hurst Park. The
and Romer was well backed.



Carnarvon's stable for a great,
and was beaten.

OUR SATURDAY STORY

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED.

I had rented a small bungalow for the summer, and settled down with the idea of doing a lot of work. After six weeks I discovered one morning that one small canvas—a study of a haystack—was the sole result of my praiseworthy resolve.

I sat down to my breakfast, determined that I would set to work the moment it was over.

"Letters, sir," said Spicer.

They were a dull lot. I turned to a weekly paper that had come by post. It seemed even more smart than usual this week—in many instances more smart than discreet. At the top of the second page I saw a paragraph which made me knock my cup of coffee off the table.

At first I was annoyed. I got up and lit a cigarette. Then I read the paragraph again and chuckled. It had its humorous side.

I dropped the paper on a veranda chair and entered the house to get ready for my morning ride. In a few minutes I came out again. Spicer, meanwhile, had taken my horse round to the front.

He looked at me nervously.

"If you'll pardon the liberty, sir," he began, "I should like to offer you my 'early congratulations'."

I stared at him in surprise. "It's very good of you, Spicer," I said, bewildered; "but—"

"I just happened to glance at the newspaper, sir, and—"

The explanation came on with a rush.

"Thanks, Spicer, thanks!" I said hurriedly. "Run and fetch the paper."

It was distinctly too precious to be allowed to lie about. I put it in my pocket.

* * *

I turned down the lane that leads to Halestone Common. As I went round a sharp corner I nearly ran into a lady, who was bicycling along, only a yard or so ahead.

"I beg your— Oh; good morning, Miss Warrender."

"I notice you don't think it necessary to continue the apology you began," she said, with a smile.

"Are you going to Halestone?"

"Yes. I said I was going for a ride, and Mrs. Cranford asked me if I minded fetching a paper for her; the bookstall people forgot to send it."

We rode together along the edge of the common.

"And how is Mrs. Cranford?"

"Well, the non-arrival of this paper has rather upset her. She reads it every week. This morning she wouldn't eat her breakfast because the 'Looker-On' had not come."

"Does Mrs. Cranford read that?" I queried. Miss Warrender looked at me in astonishment.

THROUGH THE MIRROR

DO MIRACLES HAPPEN?

Miracles not only happen. They happen even before the scientific. But the scientific merely dismiss them by saying "Yes, that is very clever, but it is merely something we have not explained. We shall explain it soon if you will kindly wait."

In a word, the scientist's attitude absolutely forbids him to accept the miraculous, even when it is before his eyes.

RENE DE NERVAL.

Rue d'Ajassey, Paris.

HOW TO PREVENT FOG.

Many suggestions have been offered as to the use of electricity for fighting fog, but even better would be the general use of anthracite coal.

It is practically smokeless, and, though dearer than ordinary coal, lasts longer. It would rid us, at any rate, of the most dangerous elements in our fogs.

D. G. LUCKINGS.

WOMEN AND WINE.

I have read with much interest the leader in which you point out so forcibly the danger of drunkenness in women.

It is perfectly true that "Society" women are resorting more and more to stimulants. One of them told me the other day that she could not get through the day without them.

They help her through her exhausting social "duties" as she is pleased to call them.

Welbeck-street. F.R.C.S.

FIGARO'S SHORTER HOURS.

It is not the fault of English hairdressers that they work their assistants long hours.

The chief cause is the number of foreign establishments which are open all day and until late at night every day of the week, including Sunday. They never get any rest or recreation at all.

Why does not the Early Closing Association look into this?

H. TALBOT.

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H. TALBOT.

"Of course; most people do. Don't you?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I read it. Amusing paper, isn't it?"

"A trifle 'rapid,' but its facts are generally all right."

I laughed.

"By the way," I said, "I have a copy of this week's in my pocket. There are some good things in it. Shall I read you one or two?"

"Yes—if they are good."

I glanced at the top of the page and read:—"We hear that Mr. Austin Hayter, the well-known landscape painter—"

"Gross flattery!" said Miss Warrender.

I gave her a severe glance.

"—is about to be married."

She clapped her hands. "Most amusing," she said.

"The future Mrs. Hayter is that charming actress, Miss Esmé Warrender, who made such a success in—"

She jumped off her machine, and snatched the paper from my hand.

* * *

"You don't mean to say—" she began. She read the paragraph herself.

"What does it all mean?" she exclaimed, in a bewildered fashion.

"I haven't the least idea. Rather good, isn't it?"

She broke into a nervous little laugh.

"I never heard anything so ridiculous. What could induce them to say a wicked thing like that?"

"Usually their facts are all right," I reminded her gently.

She was silent for a little while.

"Of course, it's absurd," she said at length; "yet it might be embarrassing. How could they couple your name with mine?"

"I don't know! Of course, I've been up at the Grange a good deal. You've been there, too. Circumstances have compelled us to play tennis, ride, and dance together. It's very unfortunate!"

"Has the 'Looker-On' a large circulation?"

"Enormous! My man Spicer has congratulated me already."

"Look," she cried. "Who is this coming down the hill?"

"It's young Archie!"

He approached rapidly. A mischievous grin spread over his face as he recognised us.

"Bless you, my children," he cried, giving a wave of his hand as he raced by.

"Nice boy, Archie," I said meditatively.

"I wish he'd puncture," said Miss Warrender.

I turned to her.

"We both know Archie. In an hour every-

body will have heard that Esmé has fixed it up with old Hayter; and they're spooning in Halestone-lane!"

"Yes, yes," she cried, with a shudder. "He will say 'spooning' for certain."

I put the paper back in my pocket.

"We might send a contradiction," I said.

"Yes" (after reflection), "we might; but the mischief is done!"

* * *

There was a clatter of hoofs on the road. I turned my head and saw a horseman coming towards us. He drew rein as he came up. I was old Mr. Sinclair.

"Good morning, Miss Warrender," he said, cheerfully. "Ah, Hayter, how d'ye do? I've just met Archie; he has told me the news. Accept the hearty congratulations of an old man. I think you're admirably suited to one another."

Miss Warrender shot an appealing glance at me.

"Thank you, but the fact is—er!" I stammered.

"Sorry I can't stop—I'm behind time already. Good-bye, and good luck!"

We went in silence. Presently we met a boy with papers on his arm. Miss Warrender stopped him.

"Have you the 'Looker-on' for the Grange?"

He nodded.

"I will take it myself."

"Thank you, miss." The boy eyed us and began to grin. A horrible suspicion dawned upon me.

"I 'ope as 'ow you'll be 'appy, miss," he murmured, as he turned back.

The next moment Mrs. Cranford came round a corner. Archie was close behind.

"Oh, Esmé," she said, "I am so glad. Nothing could have pleased me better."

I looked across at Esmé. She caught my glance and smiled. I made a sudden determination.

"Do you think it worth while fighting against it?"

I had tried to speak the words indifferently. I fancy I did not succeed. Esmé hesitated for a moment.

"It seems almost an impossible task. I suppose we had better give in," she replied, softly.

Mrs. Cranford looked up in astonishment.

"Whatever are you talking about?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing—that is, fate," I said incoherently.

Mrs. Cranford and Archie soon found they must be getting on. I had dismounted.

Esmé and I stood looking at one another over her bicycle.

"Think of the trouble it will save!" I pleaded.

"No further explanations will be necessary."

She merely laughed. Never had the loneliness of Halestone Common struck me in so favourable a light.

"It is not a question of how much we are to do, but of how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better."—Ruskin.

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Fels-Naptha

Go buy it and go by the book inside the wrapper.

Go by the book.

Go buy Fels-Naptha and go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London, E.C.

It is not to be forgotten that recreation in some form is necessary to the saintliest. It is equally worthy of memory that recreation may be and often found in card playing.

It is the introduction of the avaricious element that degrades a legitimate pastime to the vulgar level of a sordid contest.

In the subtle conflict between the greatest forces which are waging a perpetual war the gambler is ranged on the wrong side.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER XX.

The Blackmailor's Price.

Fate had struck Richard Deverill a blow across the cheek so stinging, so unexpected, that he could not receive it with his usual outward calm. It was incapable for the instant of concealing his anxiety.

"Harold Somerton!" He kept saying the name over and over again to himself with a kind of incredulous questioning. "The most unscrupulous and ablest adventurer whom Dickie possessed of his secret, who knew was then in the possession of his secret, which would convict Deverill of a deadly treachery, would expose him as a man who had unscrupulously violated all obligations of honour and gentlemanly feeling. Deverill felt that he must get away. He stumbled on the easiest explanations.

"I'm awfully sorry to have to admit it," he said slowly, "but I've had a note that seems to hint that I have been counting my chickens before they are hatched."

"What?" cried the startled Lady Gascoyne, "about the legacy—you can't mean that?"

He nodded. It was better that she should believe this for a little time than to get an inkling of the truth. He shook hands with her, and neither looked at the other, nor was there the slightest confidential pressure of fingers. Even in such an hour as this, these two studied worldlings were scrupulously careful. Deverill knew that her hand was cold, that her face was white—but these were dim impressions that came back later.

The Judge had good-night to the young man, so suddenly awakened from a golden dream, with a generous and genuine expression of sympathy; and Deverill crept away, ashamed, dismayed.

"Why," he said to himself, as he walked slowly towards his chambers with bowed head, "does Fortune always take away with one hand more than she gives with the other? An hour ago I thought myself the luckiest beggar in London. Everything seemed coming my way. Twenty thousand pounds—I thought I had nothing more to ask for. I would give every penny of it at this moment if this man Somerton did not suspect."

"I've got to give in to him," was his final conclusion as he entered his chambers. "But I must make a desperate fight. Thank Brassier that I've got some money to pay. Now, how much does he know?"

Mr. Harold Somerton was brought by the hall porter to the door just as the clock struck twelve. Irreproachably dressed in evening clothes, with an inherited distinction of manner which his life had not effaced, he entered as indifferently as though he were casually dropping in for a whisky and soda and a cigarette with his most intimate friend. Even when the two were alone together he made no pretence whatever of familiarity, nor did Deverill affect any cordiality in his greeting. Between two worldlings such as these, the small affections, the hints, the innuendoes, which usually mark such conversations, were ignored.

"I have been slow in offering to return the brooch which I did not find," began Mr. Harold Somerton.

"The brooch which was not lost, was not missed," was the prompt answer.

"I am glad that Lady Gascoyne has had no anxiety about it."

Deverill lighted another cigarette, as his worst fears were thus confirmed. He did not offer one to his unwelcome guest.

"With your permission?"

Somerton took out his own case, as he made the bland request.

Deverill nodded curtly. "Your note was sent after me," he said. "Under ordinary circumstances I should not have found it convenient to see you."

"It is my good fortune," responded the unruffled Somerton, "that the circumstances are extraordinary."

"In one way, yes—all coincidences are more or less unusual."

"I see nothing very striking in all this, after all," said Mr. Somerton, shrugging his shoulders. "A lady, one of the most charming in London, comes furtively with hidden face to your chambers with you. I see it, I have special reasons for wishing to make the most of the little incident."

"And those are?"

"I think they will surprise you a little. They ought not to—they are natural, human. I may be summed up in one short little sentence. I want once more to see the inside of some drawing-rooms."

Deverill made no attempt to conceal his surprise. It had never occurred to him that the blackmailor had other than a money price. He had not thought of anything beyond the number of sovereigns which would be asked of him.

"Sounds odd, I know," continued Somerton, "but we all have our fads. My little peculiarity at this moment is a desire to get a decent footing once again among decent people."

Deverill laid his cigarette down on the table, rose from his chair, and stood in front of the empty fireplace. When people asked absurd impossibilities of him he was not one to temporise either with himself or with them.

"You have forgotten the proverb," he said slowly, looking the other full in the face; "the one about Humpty-Dumpty, I mean."

"I should have expected," answered the unmoved Mr. Somerton, "to find you more up-to-date. Since that nursery rhyme was written a kind of glue has been discovered which can patch up even Humpty-Dumpty. I do not say that it will make him as he was—but it will hold him together."

"And this wonderful plaster is—?"

"Money. Its power today is great enough to help even Harold Somerton. I do not expect too much, Mr. Deverill. I do not think that you, or any other human being in London, would stretch out the first hand towards me if you knew they were not forced to do it. When that has been done, however, I shall make the rest of my way alone. I see what you are going to say—that I have once been the involuntary guest of the Government. It's a lot to get over, of course. I will take me a long time to live that down—but I am going to do it. I am tired of being cut. I am sick of the rank outsiders that circumstances have forced on me as companions. I shall shut the lot and go back to where I belong—with your help."

Deverill only stared.

"The game I am going in for," continued Somerton, "means a kind of help from you that must be perfectly straight, that must say the same thing behind my back as it says to my face. I can't expect you to do your part unless you have a clear understanding of my position and my intentions. In the first place, I have been very lucky in some speculations. I can show you a good round sum in the bank. I have given up gambling and speculation of all kinds. I have given up every questionable association. I am on my feet financially. I have not a single tie in the old life which can compromise or annoy me in the new. I have had, when I was hard up, to make my living as best I could, but there's nothing in the whole record that can rise up very seriously against me, except the one thing, of course—the conviction. It will take me years to live that down, but I shall do even that. You must help me to make a beginning."

Half an hour before Deverill had thought it very hard that he must part with a portion of his new-found wealth, even before it had come into his possession. Now he was sorry that he had not the opportunity of parting with it. He would gladly have given this man one or two thousand pounds rather than be asked to begin the fantastic and impossible attempt to rehabilitate a reputation so utterly shattered.

"You overrate my powers," he said after a long silence.

"Oh no," answered the amiable Mr. Somerton. "I do not in the least. I only ask you to secure me the entree of two drawing-rooms. I will do the rest myself."

Deverill shivered inwardly. He knew one house to which he would be expected to introduce this man who was known as a common swindler, and Mr. Justice Gascoyne was not a man to be twisted about anybody's finger.

"I am really," pursued the inflexible Mr. Somerton, "putting rather a graceful and kindly task in your hands. I feel the estrangement from my charming sister very much indeed."

He uttered these words with a sardonic smile—the first indication he had given that he found a certain ironical amusement in this interview.

At this mention of Mrs. La Grange, Deverill came back at him with the defence which he had arranged in his mind. This lady had proved already so remarkably useful in connection with the events of that ill-fated night of the fire, from which everything seemed to date, that Deverill could not avoid using her once more.

"Am I to understand seriously," he answered with a deep gravity, "that you suggest to me that your knowledge of Mrs. La Grange's presence in my rooms one evening is to be used by her own brother as a lever for forcing her hand?"

"That suggestion," answered Mr. Somerton promptly, "doubles my price, Mr. Deverill. Your ingenuity overshoots itself. Do you think I would be so foolish as to come to you if I were not absolutely certain that one lady, and one lady alone, came to these rooms that night. If there had been two, while their action would hardly have been conventional, there would have been the proverbial safety in numbers. Lady Gascoyne spent that evening with you here, alone. That fact is enough for me—and for you. I happen to know precisely where Mrs. La Grange was. I saw her coming out of Gascoyne's house, very late. I traced her every step afterwards, through the driver of her motor. I hardly thought you would force me to go into these particulars. I thought you knew enough about me to know that I am not the kind of man to find unlost brooches—unless I am sure of my facts."

Deverill's face was white with anger. His lips switched and he clenched his hand, but he realised the folly of losing his temper. However great might be the momentary relief of administering a sound thrashing to this cold-blooded schemer, the after consequences would be ruin; not to himself—he did not care so much for that—but to the woman he loved with all his heart and soul—and had betrayed. How he cursed the rash imprudence which had persuaded her to come to his rooms that night. How bitterly he blamed himself now. Low useless and futile had been the studied care with which he had masked his relations with Lady

Gascoyne on every other occasion. The one unguarded moment had undone all.

"You see how neatly all it works out," continued Somerton in his softest voice. "Lady Gascoyne and my dear sister are the warmest of friends. Lady Gascoyne goes to her dear Mrs. La Grange. She tells her how that poor unhappy man, whose life has been such a series of mistakes, has repented of all his errors. She makes, of course, the usual touching allusions to the prodigal son. She refers to the somewhat trite and hashed-up dinner of husks. She makes a delicate little allusion to the cravings of the prodigal for a banquet of nicely-fatted calf, which shall be served up in the pretty little dining-room at Richmond."

"Mrs. La Grange would never do it," interrupted Deverill in a hoarse voice. "I have heard her speak of you. She is bitter, irreconcilable."

"The more glorious your task," returned the imperturbable Somerton. "In the heart of all women lurks the desire to be a good angel to down-fallen men. Sisters, I admit, prefer to exercise their gentle talents on those not related, but even with them the right cord may be touched. Now, do you know what your great difficulty will be?"

"I see so many," replied the helpless Deverill, who knew himself tied hand and foot.

"No, there's really only one, Mrs. La Grange will suspect some interested motive in this remarkable conversion of her dear brother. She will fear that he wants to get some money out of her, that he will involve her in some kind of pecuniary responsibility. Now, you must be in a position to correct this affectionate sisterly suspicion. You know, my dear Mr. Deverill, I am really a very clever man. I got my start a year ago by pulling seven 'thou' out of the 'bookies.' That was my capital. I took it down into the City. I plunged a lot, and time and time again I came out a winner. I do not wish you to take my word for this. I am going to ask you to do the honour one day next week of coming to my chambers and of looking at certain bank books and securities which I shall show you. You will be able to say that with your own eyes you have seen the proof that I am worth over a hundred thousand pounds. I will do more than that. I will show you, step by step, how that money was made. I have cut all the past. With your help, I shall start a new future."

"If I refuse?"

"Surely," answered Somerton, sloughing his shoulders, "it is unnecessary to me to do the 't's.' If you insist, however, you shall have it. I ask nothing unreasonable; I do not even expect you to walk down the street side by side with me. I should like you and Lady Gascoyne to be present at a quiet little dinner, in which my sister shall receive me back into the fold. She will naturally tell her friends of the change of heart which her unhappy brother has experienced. Lady Gascoyne will also, among her intimate friends, drop a quiet hint or two about her determination to aid her dear friend in supporting the repentant prodigal. You need do nothing of the sort. I know that the game won't work in clubs for a long time yet. Perhaps at the end of a few weeks Mr. Justice Gascoyne might be convinced that I do not deserve to be under the ban for ever. It is just possible that I might be asked there. These are the beginnings, you see. With my foot on these rounds of the ladder I will do the rest."

This man, this convicted criminal, this cold-hearted adventurer, seated at Rosamond Gascoyne's table, her beautiful smile lavished on him, her charming, graceful tact employed to set him completely at his ease—the picture was too awful.

"You should go abroad," cried Deverill. "The world is wide, and you may begin again without having to make the desperate, impossible fight."

"It so happens," was the quiet response, "that I prefer to remain here. Now, am I to have your help? I have a choice, you see. I can go to another. If you refuse there is still Mr. Justice Gascoyne. I thought I'd better come to you first."

"There was only one course to be pursued after hearing this significant threat."

"I will do what I can," muttered Deverill hoarsely.

"Good—I will write in a day or two. You have been wise, I think. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

THE "OVERSEAS MAIL."

The Link Which Will Bind England with Her Sons Abroad.

Next Friday sees the first number of the new Overseas Edition of the "Daily Mail." This new departure in journalism will contain all the news, both home and foreign, the principal leading articles and reviews which have appeared in the "Daily Mail" during the preceding week, and a special review of the week's events.

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It is also a very easy present to send. All you have to do is to forward 5s. to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," London, E.C., with the name and address of the person to whom you wish the "Overseas Mail" sent.

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The numbers of orders which are pouring into the "Daily Mail" office testify to the welcome this new departure is receiving. The necessary coupon to be used when ordering will be found on page 2.



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INDOORS AND OUT.

SKIRTS HELD OUT BY CANVAS ROLLS.

Supposing during your next visit to your dressmaker that worthy suggests a cloth frock trimmed with chiffon, or an evening gown of coloured lace, be not surprised. These are only two of the vagaries upon which fashion is now smiling. Yet on the whole, even in her most eccentric moments, she is a very pleasing spectacle this winter.

Entire gowns of dyed laces, made up with silk or velvet appliqués, are among the novelties of the season. Brown Valenciennes is popular now, and when it is mounted over amber chiffon it looks very smart among less remarkable evening frocks.

Ribbon trimming appears upon a large percentage of such frocks, and never since the days of Wattie have ribbons been handled so skilfully. Very narrow ribbon is fashioned into little bows, with countless loops and ends, and into minute rosettes, which are mingled with the ubiquitous lace frills and ruchings and narrow-gauged ribbon borders that trim so many of the deliciously dainty gowns of to-day.

Ladders of bows decorate the old-world Marie Antoinette pointed bodices, and broad, soft ribbons

form girdles, sashes, boleros, and even short puff sleeves, in company with gauze.

The question of this evening corsage is one of the many concerning which there is no undisputed verdict. The pointed one has achieved success, but the round line at the waist is by no means

flourishes, and is likely to do so for many a long year to come. Somewhat strangely, white shirts are being worn in the morning more than any others, made of flannel, winsey, or even embroidered linen. The next step towards colour is a spotted flannel or dalmatian slate, and after that arrive any number of crêpe de Chine and silk models for the afternoon.

Visiting gowns for cold weather are to an unusual extent being built in light-weight wool fabrics, and the least heavy velvets and velveteens for the new models in skirts are so excessive in width that it would be almost impossible to support the weight of these masses if made of heavy material.

Skirts of great fulness about the waist—either pleated, gathered, or gauged at the top—may be kept in place by a small canvas pad acting as a support for the gathers. The new skirts show a decided inclination towards elaborate trimming, or a complete renunciation of all. There is no happy medium.

paper and replace the meat in the stewpan until it is cooked.

When cooked remove the beef, strain the carrot and all fat out of the sauceman, and place in the same pot half a pint of good stock and a wine-glassful of port wine. Thicken the gravy with a little flour. Replace the meat in the sauceman for a few minutes and serve it very hot.

MACARONI AND CHEESE SAVOURY.

Take a quarter of a pound of macaroni and boil it in salt and water for half an hour, drain it off well during the time the sauce is being made.

To make the sauce, take two ounces of butter and one tablespoonful of flour. Knead it well together and season it with pepper and salt. Then take two ounces of Parmesan, or, if preferred, Cheddar cheese, place all the ingredients in a sauceman, stirring all the time, add a pint of milk, or a little less, boil it well and stir in the macaroni.

Place it in a pie-dish with a little grated cheese on the top, and bake it for twenty minutes in not too hot an oven.

This is to be more than a fur season, whether we have become more susceptible to cold, or whether we have discovered how unrivalled fur is in becomingness, and as the bestower of a certain atmosphere of preciousness and beauty. This season's fur models are infinitely more lovely than last season. Some beautiful furs are to be found at Messrs. Perry and Co., of Behring House, Argyll-place, Regent-street, W. Nor are the prices in any way prohibitive. A most useful and becoming little stole in real Black Persian Paw lined silk, and muff to match, may be obtained for £17s. the set. Where else can you get a beautiful Mole-dyed Squirrel Motor Coat, to the feet, fur-lined, for £16. Another model to be seen is a very smart soft Russian Sable Wrap carried out in the new shawl style, which has a very graceful appearance. Also a most becoming fur, suitable for day or evening wear, and not to be confused with the smoked or "blue" fox for a moment; it possesses moreover, the very great advantage that, though extremely luxurious-looking, it is quite inexpensive. If those of my readers who cannot personally make their shopping pilgrimages will write for "Prevailing Models at Popular Prices" which will be sent post free, they will gain a splendid insight into what is worth from the numerous pictures it contains, and also the very moderate prices charged.

Some attractive and dainty novelties are to be found in the outfitting department at Messrs. Walpole Brothers' well-known establishment at 89 and 90, New Bond-street, W. In the matter of petticoats, some very smart tartan plaid may be seen for 21s. 9d. A large variety of dainty nightgowns from 8s. 1d. to 21s., also a useful dressing-jacket, made in the new handkerchief shape, in pretty shades of blue or pink flannel, for 11s. 9d. Messrs. Walpole's Corsets are renowned for comfort and durability.

Some beautiful fur-lined motor-coats, with grey opossum, grey or black caracul collars and cuffs, for 26s. 9d. are to be found at Messrs. Plummer, Roddis's charming establishment in Oxford-street, W. This noted firm are also selling a special line of ladies' coats and skirts—coats silk-lined—for 29s. 6d. Also a speciality of ladies' dressing gowns for 10s. 6d. will be found in their well-equipped outfitting department. Messrs. Plummer, Roddis will be pleased to forward illustrated catalogues on application.

TO-DAY'S DINNER.

AUTUMN SOUP.

Take one pound of the shin or two pounds of the neck of beef, one carrot, one turnip, one leek, and a little celery. Boil them gently for four or five hours with a quart of stock or water. Do not let the vegetables break, but remove them when well cooked, and cut them into small diamond-shaped pieces. Pass the soup through a sieve and replace the vegetables. Season it with pepper and salt, and serve it.

EELS, STEWED WHITE.

Take an eel weighing from one and a half to two pounds, skin and well wash it, but do not allow it to stand in the water. Cut it into pieces of about three inches long, and place them in an enamelled stewpan with one pint of milk, a little finely-chopped parsley, half a pound of button mushrooms, and about half a dozen button onions. Finely sliced Spanish onion may take their place.

Stew it very gently for an hour. When cooked remove the fish and mushrooms, and place them in an entrée-dish, which must be kept very hot.

Knead two ounces of butter with a little potato flour, add the sauce to this very slowly, stirring well all the time, or it will clog; replace it in the stewpan, boil it well, then add a tablespoonful of cream, and pour it over the fish.

LARDED FILLET OF BEEF.

Procure three pounds of fillet of beef and cut it as round as possible. Make incisions lengthwise in the meat at intervals of about two or three inches all round, place thin strips of fat bacon in the incisions and roll well in the following seasoning: Pepper, salt, and ginger. Place the meat in a well-greased paper and put it into a stewpan with a good quantity of dripping and a few sliced onions. Cook it gently for half an hour.

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abandoned, so every woman may have her evening corsage cut upon the schemes most becoming to her.

A costume in which an easily recognised mode is perpetuated is a pale pink-silk one, the bodice descending in a deep point in the front and closely



fitted. Mousseline de soie is draped in folds across the upper part of it and over the shoulders. The sleeves consist of flounces, bound with ribbons to the arms, and the full, long skirt is gauged at the waist-line and absolutely untrimmed. Again and



A picturesque hat of champagne felt edged with sable and decorated with a cream feather and pink and yellow roses.

again it has been prophesied that separate blouses must be put on one side, but no sufficiently influential woman has been found to send this useful item to its doom, so the blouse



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NORTHERN UNION NOTES.

League Leaders in Opposition To-day—Hunslet at Salford.

OLDHAM'S HEAVY TASK.

Owing to the fact that their ground was given over to county football a week ago, and that their home match with Hull had to be postponed, Oldham had last week-end to yield place to Bradford in the Northern Rugby League table. With a match in hand, however, they are only one point behind the Yorkshiremen. They have an opportunity at Park Avenue of regaining their comparative advantage into an actual one, and incidentally doing something to regain a little of the lustre Lancashire Northern Union football lost at Watershedding's a week ago.

But it is not favourable to Oldham's prospects of success to note that Bradford will include in their ranks six of the players who were beaten last Saturday for the honour of the White Rose, five of the half-dozen having been reelected for duty against Cheshire at Hull next week, when Yorkshire anticipate a comfortable victory in their concluding championship engagement.

Mosby and Dechan and Marsden and Surman constitute the nucleus of a powerful back division, and behind a hard-working pack such as Bradford rejoices in require some stopping.

To this task Oldham will apply themselves with grim determination, after which they are keen on winning, since victory over such close rivals for whom would go far to the realisation of the ambition Oldham enthusiasts cherish. Last season Bradford twice defeated the representatives of Spindleton, although only by two points in Park Avenue, and three in the Watershedding's encounter.

Unfortunately for Oldham there is some doubt about Spindleton, who is suffering from a damaged shoulder, which may keep him out of the team.

Presently Salford figure but moderately in the table, as they are undeniably one of the best in the League.

Three times have they figured unsuccessfully in Northern Union Cup final, and every year since their appearance in the competition has brought a capital win against odds at Batley, and with Lomas' luck in the team to day they will probably spring a surprise on Hullset, unless, indeed, the brood of God's angels are allowed unduly to interfere. The odds for kicking goals, I hear, to-day, is that Salford are negotiating for a couple of prominent Welsh backs, in addition to Vernon Hampson, who migrated York to the Manchester district some time ago.

Walsall is the happy hunting-ground for Northern Union clubs. One of the latest captures is W. Hopkins, the rugged half-back, who was expected to be a service to the Principals, but whose international engagements have been secured by Wigan, and should turn out against Hull this afternoon, when the Third Port combination may experience some difficulty in repeating their last year's success.

In the last campaign Swinton had the satisfaction of overcoming Halifax at Hanson lane by the narrowest possible margin. Whether to-day they will follow up their victory in the Cup final, the Cumbrians have dropped ten bob in the list to be comfortable, and will be all out on this occasion. W. Cheetham is to replace "Dick" Jones in the Swinton ranks.

Batley can scarcely hope to achieve success as Warrington, where a 20 points to nil defeat was their portion last season. True, Warrington are not able to boast upon Hockenhull, the half-back, who was expected to be a service to the Principals, but after his capture in Darwen, the Cumbrians' half-back, they have an excellent substitute, and one whose play with the reserve team has led to the formation of high hope regarding his probable entry to the cup final. Unless Batley make a big effort they will find themselves posted to Second Division, a dreadful fall for a club whose proud boast is that they have won the Northern Union Cup more frequently than any of their contemporaries.

Liegh will be without Pearson and Bennett for their engagement at Mather-lane with St. Helens, but they have again the services of O'Neill, the county forward. It should prove a stirring game, for neither club is exactly at velvet.

Wakefield Trinity are bent on getting away from the long list of their opponents, and with that object have resigned their old captain, W. Walker—an old international forward, who is expected to turn out against Hull Kingston Rovers to-day.

Fortunately for Walmes, their accomplished half-back, Jack Lally, is recovered from his hurt, and will take part in the exacting fixture with Broughton Rangers. The latter club, one learns, have rearranged the prices of admission to the grand opening of their new stadium to appeal to the working-man element of their supporters.

Leeds could only defeat Runcorn at Headingley by means of a goal in the last. The Cestrians appear at that end of the table, and with that object have resigned their old captain, W. Walker—an old international forward, who is expected to turn out against Hull Kingston Rovers to-day.

AMATEUR "SOCCER."

'Varsity Teams in Town—The Amateur Cup.

London Association will be represented at the Essex County Ground, Leyton, by a good hard-working side, but "class" is not much in it, and there seems little hope for the team if the Corinthians are going to be so strong as promised. S. J. Davis and S. Harris will lead out the team in an exciting game on a blanket, w.h., by the way, has a sneaking regard for "Rugger," will probably, as last week, be in the centre.

Both the Varsity sides are agreed in town. The Oxford astute is very good, while the half-back line of Balfour-Melville and G. N. Foster make a wonderful right wing for Oxford, and the Caledonians at Tufnell Park will require to be on their best football legs in the matter of defence to make a close match of it.

Clapton v. Cambridge at the Spotted Dog is sure to be a match for "keeps." Clapton are keen on taking down the Cambridge side, as they think that the Cambridge side are one of their best. Farthing and Farthing enough never to have been said. But Mellin could not be expected in his position of trust to let his heart get the better of his head. And Cambridge can well take care of themselves in a hard game. Cambridge ought to win pretty comfortably. If they don't it will not be because of lack of trying.

The Old Malverns are taking a side to Ilford, a team of considerable ability who are doing much good

for the game in their part of Essex. They have suffered a good deal of recent years through the inroads of the poaching "brigades."

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.
Small Heath: Small Heath v. Sheffield Wednesday.
Stoke: Stoke v. Middlesbrough.
Lancaster: Lancaster v. Bradford.
Manchester: Manchester City v. Notts Forest.
Newcastle: Newcastle United v. Bury.
Preston: Preston North End v. Wolverhampton Wanderers.

Derby: Derby County v. Woolwich Arsenal.
Nottingham Forest: Nottingham Forest v. Blackpool Rovers.
Sheffield: Sheffield United v. Aston Villa.

Barnsley: Barnsley v. Bradford City.

Doncaster: Doncaster v. Birmingham Port Vale.

Gainsborough: Gainsborough Trinity v. Liverpool.

Leicester: Leicester Fosse v. Lincoln City.

Blackpool: Blackpool v. Bury.

Bolton: Bolton Wanderers v. Burton United.

Burnley: Burnley v. Gossop.

Wigan: Wigan v. Warrington Albion v. Chesterfield.

Grimbsby: Grimsby Town v. Manchester United.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I.

Farnham: Farnham v. Wellingborough.

Northampton: Northampton v. Southampton.

BrADFORD: Bradford v. New Brighton.

Milwall: Milwall v. Charlton.

Park Royal: Park Royal v. Watford.

Bristol: Bristol Rovers v. Falmouth.

Reading: Reading v. Walsall.

Hijon: Hijon v. Hull United v. Plymouth Argyle.

Brighton: Brighton and Hove Albion v. Tottenham Hotspur.

Wimbledon: Wimbledon Rovers Res.

LONDON LEAGUE.

Leiston: Leiston v. Millwall Rovers.

Pimlico: Pimlico v. Bromley v. Brentford Res.

Fulham: Fulham Rovers v. Wissenden Town.

SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.

West Ham: West Ham v. Maidstone Nordenians v. Weycombe Wanderers.

Croydon: Croydon v. Bromley.

Chatham: Service Battalion Royal Engineers v. Reigate Priory.

Tunbridge Wells: Tunbridge Wells v. Newhaven.

Ho. Irlam: Ho. Irlam v. Darwen.

East Bold: v. Finchley.

Harrow: Harrow v. West Hampstead.

Briarlingstone: Briarlingstone v. Pauline Rovers.

Bromley: Bromley v. Greenwich Park.

Weymouth: Weymouth v. Whitehead's.

Seaham: Seaham White Star v. Edson Albion.

West Hartlepool: West Hartlepool v. Saltburn.

Southport: Southport v. Birkenhead.

Rotherham: Rotherham v. Sheldene Grasshoppers.

Ripon: Ripon United v. Rye.

Nottingham: Nottingham v. Handsworth Oakhill.

LONDON SENIOR CUP—Replayed Tie—Third Round.

Dulwich: Alleyne v. Clapham.

Dulwich: Dulwich v. Weybridge.

Kingston: Kingston v. Tonbridge Park.

Woking: Woking v. Guildford.

OTHER MATCHES.

Leiston: Corringham v. London Colonia v. Oxford University.

Turf Fen: Turf Fen v. Cambridge University.

Upton: Upton v. G. & C. F. Marlow.

Marlow: Marlow v. London Hospital.

Ilford: Ilford v. Old Mertonians.

Pinner: Pinner v. Croydon.

Dartford: Dartford v. Oxford Southend.

Eitham: Eitham v. Crawford.

Lancing: Lancing College v. Brighton College.

RUGBY.

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Liverpool: Lancashire v. Yorkshire.

Other Matches.

Hull End: Hull End v. R.F.C. v. R.E.G.

Wandsworth: Wandsworth v. Old Alleynians.

Richmond: Richmond v. Oxford University.

Blackheath: Blackheath v. Crystal Palace.

Cambridge: Cambridge v. Irish Ramblers Park.

Cricklewood: Lennox v. Maribyrn Nomads.

Queen's College: Queen's College v. Hampton Court.

Queens' College: Queens' College v. Old Leyadians.

Newport: Newport v. Cardiff.

Gloucester: Gloucester v. Darwen.

Cardiff: Cardiff v. London Scottish.

Manchester: Manchester v. Broughton Park.

Hartlepoo: Hartlepoo v. Durham City.

Coventry: Coventry v. Rotherham.

Pontypool: Pontypool v. Llanwern.

Bath: Bath v. Gloucester-Superior.

Horn: Horn Guy's Hospital v. Old Merchant Taylors.

Burton: Burton v. Nottingham.

Glasgow: Glasgow Academical v. West of Scotland.

Easter: Exeter v. Newton Abbot.

NORTHERN UNION.

LEAGUE—Division I.

Warrington: Warrington v. Bury.

Bradford: Bradford v. Oldham.

Brentford: Brentford v. Bognor Regis.

Huddersfield: Huddersfield v. Widnes.

Hull: Hull v. Wigan.

Walsall: Walsall v. Trinity v. Hull Kingston Rovers.

Leeds: Leeds v. Runcorn.

Leigh: Leigh v. St. Helens.

London Senior Cup—Division II.

Preston: Preston v. Barrow.

Brighton: Brighton Rovers v. Morecambe.

Bromley: Bromley v. Croydon.

Milton: Milton v. Dagenham.

Millwall: Millwall v. Dagenham.

Lancaster: Lancaster v. Huddersfield.

Coventry: Coventry v. Rotherham.

York: York v. Knavesmire.

ANGLERS' CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The following matches will be decided this week in the third round of the above competition—

At Chertsey: Dalton A.S. v. Park A.S. Referee, Mr. F. Newton.

At Cheshunt: North-East Brothers v. Good Intent. Referee, Mr. C. Ashmore.

Mr. W. Maybury, of the Good Intent, in a half-day's rough-fishing at Henley yesterday, secured 25lb. of spined fish. It would appear that this popular angling resort is at least in singing trim.

The Old Malverns are taking a side to Ilford, a team of considerable ability who are doing much good

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Words by Harold Begbie.

Music by A. H. Behrend.

The many music lovers to whom a sacred song appeals will find this an exceptional work. Mr. Begbie needs no introduction as a talented writer in many fields, while the composer, Mr. Behrend, will at once be recognised as the composer of "Daddy."

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